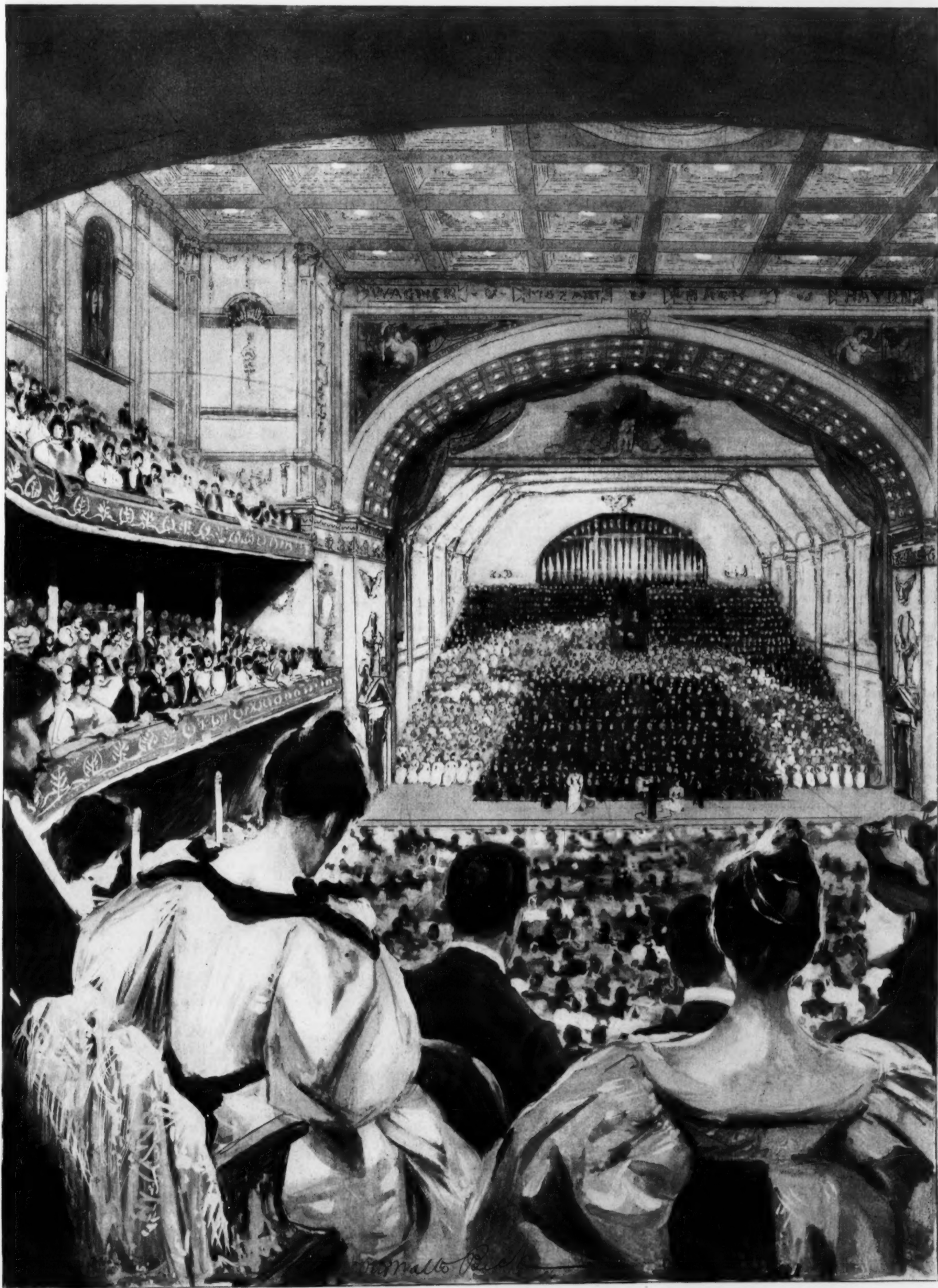


# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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THE TWELFTH BIENNIAL MUSIC FESTIVAL IN CINCINNATI—THE AUDITORIUM OF THE REMODELED MUSIC-HALL.  
DRAWN BY OTTO W. BECK.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

## "A GRAY SLEEVE."

WE will publish in the next issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* a spirited story of the Civil War, by Stephen Crane, entitled

## "A Gray Sleeve."

The same issue will contain an interesting sketch of Mr. Crane and his works, based upon information supplied by himself in a recent interview.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Honesty at St. Louis.

If some of the newspapers are to be credited the country is likely to be treated to a spectacle of insincerity and infidelity to engagements, on the part of some of the delegates to the St. Louis convention, which will be anything but creditable to the parties in question. In a good many States delegates have been elected under explicit pledges that they will give their support to Major McKinley. In some cases these pledges have been made voluntarily; in others they have been made as the result of specific instructions dictated by overwhelming majorities of their constituencies. But we are told that these instructions and the public sentiment behind them are to be entirely disregarded. Delegates whose names are given, some of whom have been prominent in affairs, propose deliberately to put contempt upon the popular will and vote to suit the demands of party bosses who have been unable to secure coveted "recognition."

It goes without saying that such a violation of deliberate engagements, and such defiance of the party feeling on the part of any delegate who claims respectability of character, will be sure to provoke deep and well-founded resentment. Every member of the Republican party has a right to his opinion as to the wisdom of the nomination of one candidate or another, but no member of the party who accepts a representative position as delegate, with the understanding that he shall carry out the wishes of his constituency, has a right to pursue an opposite course, and to voice his own individual sentiment in the relation he is to fill in the national convention. It ought to be understood, too, that any treason of this sort will be sure in the end to enure to the advantage rather than to the hurt of the candidates who may be betrayed by facile and supple instruments of any partisan oligarchy intent upon unworthy personal ends.

The masses of the Republican party do not mean to be defrauded or cheated at St. Louis; they propose to require at the hands of every man to whom they have committed any responsibility the exactest fulfillment of his obligations, and they mean that the candidate whose nomination they believe to be best for the country and the party shall be nominated in spite of traitors, combines, and all the horde of self-seeking partisans who, being incapable of appreciating principle, would sacrifice the highest interests of the party and the country for the sake of petty personal gain.

## The Saloon Still in Politics.



THE Raines liquor law was passed for the purpose, as we were told, of taking the liquor question out of politics. A year or more ago this purpose was announced by the Republican leaders of this city, and we commended the proposition, in an editorial published at the time, as in every way desirable. But the law as it was finally enacted, instead of removing this question from politics, erects a partisan machine for the express purpose of manipulating the liquor interest for partisan ends, and so makes it certain that the subject will be a perpetual issue, entering into every campaign as a provocative of passion, cupidity, and unrest.

This Raines act is nominally modeled upon the Ohio law passed in 1886, but in point of fact it differs radically from that enactment. The Ohio law imposes a uniform annual tax of three hundred dollars upon all places where liquor is sold. No discrimination at all is made between ale and beer and other liquors. Originally the tax was only two hundred dollars, the law proceeding upon the idea that the amount of the tax should in the beginning be moderate, and that the rate should be increased as the operation of the law demonstrated its advantages. The experience of ten years

has fully justified the wisdom of this plan—such a favorable public sentiment having been created that the enforcement of the law is easy, and the whole matter is by common consent removed from party politics. Ohio deals with the business, and not with the men engaged in the business; and this, undoubtedly, is the true method. The effect of the law has been to gradually reduce the number of saloons without complaint from any quarter.

An important point is that the liquor tax is payable at the same time, and to the same treasurer, as the taxes upon personal and real property. If the tax is not paid the county treasurer simply takes possession of the furniture and fixtures of the saloon and sells them out at auction for the benefit of the State. If the proceeds of the sale do not meet the amount of the tax, the owner of the property occupied for saloon purposes is held responsible for the balance, the State holding a lien prior to all mortgages. This provision, it will be noticed, compels the owner of the property, in self-protection, to co-operate with the State in the enforcement of the law. Under these provisions, no additional offices are created, there is no partisan patronage over which mercenaries may wrangle, and the administration of the law moves along in perfectly natural channels in obedience to ordinary restraints and limitations.

It is apparent from these statements that the Raines law, which fixes the tax in our larger cities at from seven to eight hundred dollars, and which establishes a bureau with auxiliary officials in all parts of the State for the collection of the tax, is a very different affair from that which has produced such satisfactory results in Ohio. The New York law lacks the essential elements of simplicity and fairness; it is structurally defective in that it affords large possibilities of blackmail and oppression. It may possibly diminish the number of places where liquor is sold; some of its provisions are certainly in the interest of sound morals; but its effect as a whole, largely because of its unwise administrative features, will be of doubtful advantage. Its enforcement will not bring to the support of the Republican party a single voter who would not otherwise give that party the benefit of his co-operation, while it is likely to alienate the votes of thousands of citizens who suffer from its unequal operation and the methods employed for its enforcement.

## Why Southern Republicanism Fails.

THE contest for delegates to the St. Louis convention which has been in progress in the Southern States during the last two months has served to disclose in a very marked way the weakness of the Republican party in that section of the country. Every one who has studied these controversies has come unavoidably to the conclusion that the party in several of these States is dominated by influences which make its success practically impossible. In most of the States there are dissensions and factional jealousies which manifest themselves in angry contention, if not in acts of violence, on every occasion when the party interests are to be considered. So far as we remember, there is not a single Southern State in which we have not had the spectacle of double headed conventions and double-headed or triple-headed delegations to St. Louis. It has happened in practically every case that a minority, more or less numerous, has seceded and elected delegates upon some pretense of unfairness on the part of the majority. The simple truth is that a good many of these delegations are chosen for commercial purposes. They are going to St. Louis for barter and sale. Whatever may be their pretensions of virtue and sincerity of purpose, their supreme desire is to find an opportunity to sell themselves to the highest bidder. There are, of course, honorable, high-toned, and conscientious men among the Republicans of the South—men who have faced ostracism, abuse, and persecution, rather than abandon the principles which they believed to be essential to the best and highest welfare of the country. Every State has its band of loyal adherents to the Republican faith whose sole motive is the triumph of the principles to which they are attached, without reference to any meaner or lower considerations. But these men are, for the most part, powerless in many localities where the professional politician has insinuated himself into the confidence of the masses, and is thus able to control the party policy. Not a few of these delegates who will come up from these States to the St. Louis convention, either as regulars or bolters, are men who are utterly unscrupulous of purpose—mere adventurers, who care no more for the principles of the Republican party than they do for the moral law. Their one aim is to "feather their nests," strengthen their petty autocracies, and perpetuate their power for venal ends; and this they are prepared to do at whatever cost of ostracism of the intelligence and conscience of the party.

It goes without saying that the Republican party can never make any real headway in the South so long as it is under the control of influences of this character. It is possibly true that in some States this obnoxious rule cannot be overthrown by any assertion of local intelligence and patriotism. Assistance to that end must come from without. One very effectual way of breaking the power of the mercenaries in Southern politics would be for the party as a whole to refuse to recognize them in any relation whatever. The committee on credentials to the St. Louis convention ought to refuse a seat to any delegate whose title is at all clouded by fraud or suspicion of bribery. It ought to recognize the character, conscience, and intelligence of

the party; it ought to give the weight of its influence and encouragement to that section of the party in every Southern State which is striving to build upon the foundation of principle, rather than upon considerations of expediency. And then, when the party comes to power, as it is soon to come, care should be taken that this venal element of Southern Republicanism is denied all consideration in the form of office or patronage. Let us, by all means, strive to eliminate from the party every obnoxious element, that the decency and the character of the South may be attracted and held to the party which hitherto has suffered so largely, and failed to make its way, because it has tolerated the domination of influences altogether irreconcilable with wholesome growth.

## Japanese Enterprise.



IT is becoming more and more apparent that the Japanese are determined to make the most of their opportunities along the lines of commercial progress and development. We have heard more or less during the last year or so of their introduction of manufactures and their successful production of articles

which enter into competition with those of English and American manufacture. Recently they have been studying our railway system, with a view of introducing its features into their own country. There are now some thirty-three railroad companies operating in Japan, but of the equipment now in use only an inconsiderable portion is of American manufacture. Most of the locomotives, for instance, have been made in England. It is believed that, as a result of the investigations which are now making by the experts sent out by these corporations, the railway system of the empire will speedily be adjusted in its methods and equipment to the American pattern, which represents confessedly the best results of engineering science.

Another recent indication of Japanese enterprise is furnished by the organization of a steamship company with a large capital, which is to operate two main routes—one to New York, the other to Europe. The object of the service to this city is, as we are told, to facilitate the exportation of sulphur, silk goods, and other commodities which are already sent in considerable quantities to the American market. Four steamers, it is stated, of five thousand tons capacity, will be put upon this route, which is expected to be in operation within a year.

This latest exhibition of enterprise may well challenge the attention of our commercial classes. It ought to stimulate our capitalists, as well as our legislators, to the establishment of a broader and more effective policy in the matter of trade communication with other countries. It does not certainly speak much for the business sagacity or alertness of our people that, with all our vast possibilities and the immense interests at stake, we permit the little empire of Japan, which has only within a quarter of a century come into the family of civilized nations, to set us such an example of vigorous and aggressive enterprise as that which is herein referred to.

## The Civil-service Order.

THE recent order of President Cleveland extending the provisions of the civil-service law to thirty thousand government employes heretofore outside the classified lists is undoubtedly one of the most notable acts of his administration. It may prove, too, to be one of the most beneficent and far-reaching in its results. Of all the army of Federal employes only seven hundred and seventy-five are now exempt from examination, on a competitive basis, as a condition of appointment. That is to say, all governmental appointments except the number stated—these being within the gift of the President—are made independent of partisan considerations and protected in their tenure by the merit system.

No more effective blow has ever been struck at the spoils system than is delivered by President Cleveland in this order. It puts the public service on a basis of intelligence, capacity, and permanence—applies to it, in other words, straightforward business principles, and eliminates the one influence, that of partisan control, which has more than anything else contributed to its debauchery and inefficiency. It may not be true, as some insist, that our civil service is the worst in the world, but it is certain that it has never been, in point of character and capacity, what it ought to have been, and that there was no possibility of improving it so long as it was run as a partisan machine. It is equally true that the "patronage" enjoyed by the dominant party under the obnoxious system has been a source of weakness rather than of strength, both to the party and to the individual dispenser of it. The best men of both parties have long regarded it as an obstacle to good government and a restraint upon the personal independence of public officials, both administrative and representative.

The criticism upon the President's action that he has taken good care to fill all the offices with Democrats before issuing his order, thus locking the doors against the Republicans, who are certain to come into power less than a year hence, is perhaps not unnatural, as coming from the purely

partisan class, but the great body of the people, in their satisfaction over the abolition of a pernicious and unreasonable system, will give little heed to complaints or suggestions of this character.

### General Harrison's Unwise Friends.

THE over-zealous friends of General Harrison, who persisted in opposing the McKinley sentiment in the Indiana Republican Convention and sought in every way possible to identify the ex-President with their factious opposition, ought to understand that their course is not approved by the great body of his admirers in the country at large. It does not at all help their case that they were possibly controlled for the most part by a desire to secure General Harrison's nomination if the situation at St. Louis should make such a result possible. These Indiana friends and admirers of their distinguished fellow-citizen should have remembered that he had positively withdrawn his name from consideration as a candidate; and they should have taken him at his word, as the country had done, instead of carrying on a propaganda which amounted to a direct reflection upon his truthfulness and sincerity. They aggravated their offense, and still more seriously prejudiced him in the public view, when they sought to drag him before the convention in the hope that his appearance there would arrest the McKinley tide and perpetuate the control of these unwise leaders in the party management.

Happily, General Harrison was wiser than his friends, and he met their audacious importunities with the same resolute adherence to conviction and conscience which he has displayed in other emergencies of personal and public duty. He refused absolutely to have anything to do with the programme of the State convention, except in demanding that its declaration on the money question should be unequivocal. He declined to make a speech, which under other circumstances he would have done most cheerfully, because he did not mean to subject himself to a misconstruction of motives or to be made an instrument for defeating the clearly-expressed will of the party as to the Presidency. There may be some party leaders in Indiana who have been disappointed by this course of the ex-President, but elsewhere throughout the Union it will heighten the popular appreciation both of his sagacity and patriotism of purpose.

### Another Triumph for the Women.

THE question of the admission of women to the annual conferences of the Methodist Church is at length in a fair way of settlement. After years of earnest and somewhat vehement discussion, in which the ablest men of the church have participated on one side or the other, the General Conference, in session at Cleveland, has decided to submit the question of the right of women to serve in this capacity to the annual conferences. At the same time it was ordered that the women who were sent as delegates to the Cleveland conference should retain their seats. The decision of the conference was practically annihilative of the opposition, four hundred and twenty-five votes being cast in favor of the affirmative report and only ninety-eight in the negative. There is no doubt at all that the women will obtain a three-fourths vote in the annual conferences of the country, and this accomplished, they will be eligible, under the terms of the constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights they have demanded. The result will mark another important step in the progress of woman's emancipation from limitations which she has outgrown.

At the same time, in view of the fact that women are coming to the front in all departments of civic life, and that the energies and enterprise of the church very largely depend upon their activity and support; and in view of the further fact that they constitute a very large and decisive majority of every Christian communion, it is amazing that the one denomination which has been conspicuous in all its history for liberal and progressive views should have so long and persistently refused to recognize the trend of events as to woman's admission to all the larger responsibilities of life.

### Hypnotism Extraordinary.

SOME very remarkable exhibitions of hypnotic power have recently been made in this city by the expert Santanelli, who has made a study of this science with a view of applying it to beneficent uses. But Santanelli, great as he is in his specialty, has at least one rival in his peculiar field, who, making no pretensions at all, is fully his match, if not his superior, in his ability to subdue and control the will of accessible subjects.

In reply to a recent inquiry whether he would vote for McKinley in case Governor Morton should withdraw at St. Louis, Mr. Thomas C. Platt declared with the emphasis of profound conviction, "Governor Morton will not withdraw."

According to Santanelli, the procedure of the hypnotist is simply to get at the source of suggestion by which the action of the muscles is controlled, and then to make the will or mind of the subject a receptive blank by expelling its ideas through the operation of hypnosis or sleep, and, finally, to substitute other ideas at the will of the hypnotist.

It is quite apparent, in view of this definition, and of Mr. Platt's recent announcement, that Santanelli isn't "in it."

### City Farming by the Poor.

THE social problem presented by the existence in our leading cities of a large number of unemployed poor has been for a long time a very serious one. It has been, moreover, very difficult of solution. Many remedies for the evil condition have been tried, and most of them have been found to be ineffectual. But New York and several other large cities are now experimenting with a system for the alleviation of the condition of the very poor which promises to be far superior to any heretofore tried. It is, in a sentence, the giving of opportunities to the idle men of the cities to work the idle ground.

The plan was first tried in Detroit, under the direction of Mayor Pingree, in the summer of 1894, when there was an unusually large number of unemployed persons in the city. A committee was appointed and four hundred and thirty acres of land within the city limits were accepted for the experiment. This land was plowed, harrowed, and divided into lots of a quarter to half an acre each. Plots of land were given to nine hundred and forty-five poor families; farming implements and seeds were furnished them, and they began to till the soil. The experiment proved to be a complete success; nearly a thousand families were able to support themselves through the winter on their potato crops alone.

The encouraging results of the work in Detroit attracted the attention of Bolton Hall and other persons of this city interested in charities, and last year it was decided to see if it could not be successfully carried on in New York. The management of the work was put in the hands of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which advanced a thousand dollars for seed, tools, and fertilizer, and employed J. W. Kelgaard, a practical as well as a scientific farmer, as superintendent of the work. Land was obtained for cultivation in Long Island City, and eighty-four families, representing two hundred and sixty-one persons, received allotments averaging about an acre each. Half of this land was in each

The number of those who are taking plots is constantly growing, and with experience their work is becoming more and more effective. Concerning it, Superintendent Kelgaard has said: "The experiment has convinced me thoroughly of one thing. If we let the poor of our cities get to the soil, and properly guide them for a year or two, they will not only be self-supporting, but will in a little while do much more. They can be so guided that in a few years they will own their homes."

### A Pretty Incident.

THAT is a pretty story which is told of the young Greek, Sotirios Louès, who won the race from Marathon to Athens at the recent revival of the Olympian games in the Greek



FARMING FOR THE POOR—THE SUPERINTENDENT MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

capital. Louès belonged to the class of hardy peasants who supply the Greek army with its best soldiers, and had but recently returned from the ranks to his plow. Being a good runner, he entered himself for the competition and set out from his home on the morning of the race with the best wishes of his rustic neighbors, and with this injunction from his father: "Sotiri, you must only return a victor." When he came into the stadium ahead of all competitors he was welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm, ladies over-

whelming him with floral tributes, while some even gave him their rings and others their watches. Even the princes embraced him, and the king, we are told, saluted him in military fashion. The winner of the race, however, did not seem to be as much affected by these demonstrations as might have been supposed. Pushing his way through the thronging multitude who surrounded him, he approached his father, who waited with outstretched arms to embrace him, and exclaimed: "You see, father, I have obeyed you." The incident shows that the Greek spirit which made Marathon possible is not yet by any means extinct, and affords an example of filial reverence

which is all the more beautiful because so increasingly uncommon. The Greeks very naturally plume themselves upon the fact that in the long race from Marathon to Athens, the second and third, as well as the first, in the contest were their countrymen, the Hungarian, American, and Australian competitors being left in the rear.

The picture we give on another page shows the ancient stadium as it was restored for the celebration of the festival at the expense of a Greek merchant at Alexandria. The probabilities are that, in view of the success of this revival, future meetings will attract even more widespread attention than that recently held.



FAMILIES AT WORK ON A CITY FARM.

case planted with potatoes and the remainder with other vegetables. At the harvest-time, after a season of patient and continued work, over six thousand bushels of potatoes, and other vegetables in proportion, were gathered.

The experiment may now, after a year's trial, be pronounced a success in New York. This was to be expected, for the plan—if it can be called charity at all—is the most scientific and sensible kind of charity, for the reason that it can be accepted without loss of self-respect. Its recipients are not getting something without rendering an equivalent; they are merely being helped to help themselves.

A part of the plan is that the cultivation of the soil shall tide a man over until he is able to obtain permanent employment. Men of family are given the preference in the assignment of lots, and the work of planting and keeping their miniature farms in order gives a healthy and not unpleasant occupation to the women and children, as well as to the men, of the family.

Other cities have followed in the footsteps of Detroit and New York. In Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, St. Paul, Buffalo, Duluth, East Orange (New Jersey), Lacrosse, Minneapolis, Omaha, Rochester, Scranton, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Topeka, and Washington there are considerable tracts of land which are under cultivation by the poor.



THE RECREATION HOUR ON A CITY FARM.



GOVERNOR MORTON TURNS THE GOLDEN KEY THAT STARTS THE ELECTRIC CURRENT.



THE ELECTRIC PIANO.



THE ELECTRIC CANAL-BOAT.

LISTENING TO THE ROAR OF NIAGARA FALLS.

## THE MOST REMARKABLE ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION OF THE AGE.

THE ALMOST INFINITE VARIETY OF USES TO WHICH THE NEW FORCE IS NOW APPLIED, AS SHOWN AT THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 345.]



"Kirstie, with a rush-light in her hand, stole into the hall."

## WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Copyright, 1896, by Stone & Kimball

### SYNOPSIS.

ADAM WEIR, Lord Hermiston, first the lord-advocate and then the lord justice-clerk of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh, has married Jean Rutherford, last heir of her line, upon whose estate at the Scottish village of Crossmichael he resides when court is not in session. He is noted for his severity, and has become famous for the "hanging face" with which he confronts criminals—while his wife is of a mildly religious type. Their son Archibald combines the qualities of the two, but has been brought up by his mother almost exclusively. She inspires him with her religious views, so that, unconsciously, he grows to resent his father's severity and roughness. His mother having died, Archie continues his studies, having little in common with Lord Hermiston, with one of whose fellow-justices and friends, however, a scholarly gentleman of the old school, he forms a close friendship. At the trial of one Jopp, for murder, Archie is especially offended by his father's coarse remarks, and, brooding over the exhibition of what seems to him savage cruelty, he attends the execution. As the man's body falls he cries out: "I denounce this God-defying murder." The same evening, at his college debating society, he propounds the question "whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy." A great scandal is aroused in the city by these actions of the son of Lord Hermiston. Archie meets the family doctor, who shows him by an anecdote that, under his father's granite exterior, the latter has a great love for him. This creates a revulsion in Archie's feelings. His father soon hears of his son's performances and reproaches him severely. Archie accepts the rebuke and submits himself. Nevertheless, Lord Hermiston orders him to abandon the law, and assigns him to the care of the estate at Crossmichael. Archie goes the same evening to call on the old justice already mentioned, who comforts him and points out his father's great abilities, and together they drink the health of Lord Hermiston. Archie establishes himself on the estate, and finds still at the homestead his mother's

former housekeeper, Kirstie (or Christina) Elliott, a distant relative of his mother's, who is devoted to the family fortunes. Kirstie indulges him with many long talks, recounting the history of the region. She tells him a great deal about her four nephews, formerly a wild set, but now leading quiet lives. Robert, or "Hob," is the heir of Caudstaneslap, a small property near by. Gilbert is a weaver and independent preacher. Clement has removed to Glasgow and become a well-to-do merchant. Andrew, or "Dandie," a shepherd by trade, is a great wanderer about the country and a local poet of repute. Archie asks Kirstie if there is not a sister also. She admits that there is a young girl, Kirstie, named after herself, and now at Glasgow with Clement. Archie discovers that there is a marked coolness between the elder Kirstie and some of her nephews, the result of some old quarrel, so that they never come to see her. He goes to the Caudstaneslap church one Sunday, and there meets the younger Kirstie. He talks with her on the way home. Both are much impressed with each other. The same afternoon young Kirstie goes for a walk over the moors to the Praying Weaver's Stone, a local monument of interest. As she sits on it she sees a figure coming along the path from Hermiston House. It proves to be Archie, who has been impelled to walk toward Kirstie's home. They sit on the stone. Kirstie sings one of her brother's ballads for him, and goes home, both parting with much suppressed feeling. Meanwhile, Frank Innes, one of Archie's college chums, gets into trouble in Edinburgh and comes down to visit Archie. He does not make a favorable impression on the Scotch peasantry, but makes friends with the gentry. He marvels at Archie's long absences from home, and once, when Archie goes off, proposes to go with him. Archie tells him that he prefers to be alone, and that each must be independent as to his movements. Innes walks off in great anger, and later on, in a spirit of pique and revenge, enters himself as a rival for Kirstie's affections, seizing the first opportunity to insinuate to Archie that she is unworthy of him—a milkmaid and not a lady.

### VIII.

#### A NOCTURNAL VISIT.



KIRSTIE had many causes of distress. More and more as we grow old—and yet more and more as we grow old and are women, frozen by the fear of age—we come to rely on the voice as the single outlet of the soul. Only thus, in the curtailment of our means, can we relieve the straitened cry of the passion within us; only thus, in the bitter and sensitive shyness of advancing years, can we maintain relations with those vivacious figures of the young that still show before us and tend daily to become no more than the moving wall-paper of life. Talk is the last link, the last relation. But with the end of the conversation, when the voice stops and the bright face of the listener is turned away, solitude falls again on the bruised heart. Kirstie had lost her "cannie hour at e'en"; she could no more wander with Archie, a ghost if you will, but a happy ghost, in fields Elysian. And to her it was as if the whole world had fallen silent; to him, but an unremarkable change of amusements. And she raged to know it. The effervescence of her passionate and irritable nature rose within her at times to bursting point.

This is the price paid by age for unreasonable ardors of feeling. It must have been so for Kirstie at any time when the occasion chanced; but it so fell out that she was deprived of this delight in the hour when she had most need of it; when she had most to say, most to ask, and when she trembled to recognize her sovereignty not merely in abeyance but annulled. For, with the clairvoyance of a genuine love, she had pierced the mystery that had so long embarrassed Frank. She was conscious, even before it was carried out, even on that Sunday night when it began, of an invasion of her rights; and a voice told her the invader's name. Since then, by arts, by accident, by small things observed, and by the general drift of Archie's humor, she had passed beyond all possibility of doubt. With a sense of justice that Lord Hermiston might have envied, she had that day in church considered and admitted the attractions of the younger Kirstie; and, with the profound humanity and sentimentality of her nature, she had recognized the coming of fate. Not thus would she have chosen. She had seen, in imagination, Archie wedded to some tall, powerful, and rosy heroine of the golden locks, made in her own image, for whom she would have strewed the bride-bed with delight; and now she could have wept to see the ambition falsified. But the gods had pronounced, and her doom was otherwise.

She lay tossing in bed that night, besieged with feverish thoughts. There were dangerous matters pending; a battle was toward, over the fate of which she hung in jealousy, sympathy, fear, and alternate loyalty and disloyalty to either side. Now she was re-incarnated in her niece, and now in Archie. Now she saw, through the girl's eyes, the youth on his knees to her, heard his persuasive instances with a deadly weakness, and received his overmastering caresses. Anon, with a revulsion, her temper raged to see such utmost favors of fortune and love squandered on a brat of a girl, one of her own house, using her own name—a deadly ingredient—and that "didnae ken her ain mind an' was as black's your hat." Now she trembled lest her deity should plead in vain, loving the idea of success for him like a triumph of nature; anon, with returning loyalty to her own family and sex, she trembled for Kirstie and the credit of the Elliotts. And again she had a vision of herself, the day over for her old-world tales and local gossip, bidding farewell to her last link with life and brightness and love; and behind and beyond, she saw but the blank butt-end where she must crawl to die. Had she, then, come to the lees?—she, so great, so beautiful, with a heart as fresh as a girl's and strong as womanhood? It could not be, and yet it was so; and for a moment her bed was horrible to her as the sides of the grave. And she looked forward over a waste of hours and saw herself go on to rage, and tremble, and be softened, and rage again, until the day came and the labors of the day must be renewed.

Suddenly she heard feet on the stairs—his feet—and soon after the sound of a window-sash flung open. She sat up with her heart beating. He had gone to his room alone, and he had not gone to bed. She might again have one of her night cracks; and at the entrancing prospect a change came over her mind; with the approach of this hope of pleasure all the baser metal became immediately obliterated from her thoughts. She rose, all woman, and all the best of woman, tender, pitiful, hating the wrong, loyal to her own sex—and all the weakest of that dear miscellany—nourishing, cherishing next her soft heart, voicelessly flattering, hopes that she would have died sooner than have acknowledged. She tore off her night-cap, and her hair fell about her shoulders in profusion. Undying coquetry awoke. By the faint light of her nocturnal rush she stood before the looking-glass, carried her shapely arms above her head, and gathered up the treasures of her tresses. She was never backward to admire herself; that kind of modesty was a stranger to her nature; and she paused, struck with a pleased wonder at the sight. "Ye daft auld wife!" she said, answering a thought that was not; and she blushed with the innocent consciousness of a child. Hastily she did up the massive and shining coils, hastily donned a wrapper, and, with the rush-light in her hand, stole into the hall. Below stairs she heard the clock ticking the deliberate seconds, and Frank jingling with the decanters in the dining-room. Aversion rose in her, bitter and momentary. "Nesty, tipping puggy!" she thought; and the next moment she had knocked guardedly at Archie's door and was bidden enter.

Archie had been looking out into the ancient blackness, pierced here and there with a rayless star, taking the sweet air of the moors and the night into his bosom deeply; seeking, perhaps finding, peace after the manner of the unhappy. He turned round as she came in, and showed her a pale face against the window-frame.

"Is that you, Kirstie?" he asked. "Come in!"

"It's unco' late, my dear," said Kirstie, affecting unwillingness.

"No, no," he answered, "not at all. Come in, if you want a crack. I am not sleepy, God knows!"

She advanced, took a chair by the toilet-table and the candle and set the rush-light at her foot. Something—it might be in

the comparative disorder of her dress, it might be the emotion that now welled in her bosom—had touched her with a wand of transformation, and she seemed young with the youth of goddesses.

"Mr. Erchie," she began, "what's this that's come to ye?"

"I am not aware of anything that has come," said Archie, and blushed, and repented bitterly that he had let her in.

"Oh, my dear, that'll no dae!" said Kirstie. "It's ill to blend the eyes of love. Oh, Mr. Erchie, tak' a thocht ere it's ower late. Ye shouldnae be impatient o' the brows o' life; they'll a' come in their saison, like the sun and the rain. Ye're young yet; ye've mony cantie years afore ye. See and dinnae wreck yersel' at the outset, like sae mony ithers! Hae patience—they telled me aye tha' was the overcome o' life—hae patience; there's a braw day coming yet. Jude kens it never cam' to me; and here I am wi' nayther man nor bairn to ca' my ain, wearying a' folks wi' my ill tongue, and you just the first, Mr. Erchie!"

"I have a difficulty in knowing what you mean," said Archie.

"Weel, and I'll tell ye," she said. "It's just this that I'm feared. I'm feared for ye, my dear. Remember, your faither is a hard man, reaping where he hasnae sowed and gaithering where he hasnae strawed. It's easy speakin', but mind! Ye'll have to look in the gurl's face o'm, where it's ill to look, and vain to look for mercy. Ye mind me o' a bonny ship pitten oot into the black and gowsty seas; ye're a' safe still, sittin' quiet and crackin' wi' Kirstie in your lown chalmers; but whaur will ye be the morn, and in whattin horror o' the fearsome tempest, cryin' on the hills to cover ye?"

"Why, Kirstie, you're very enigmatical the night—and very eloquent," Archie put in.

"And, my dear Mr. Erchie," she continued, with a change of voice, "ye maunae think that I cannae sympathize wi' ye. Ye maunae think that I havenae been young myself. Lang syne, when I was a bit lassie, no twenty yet—" She paused and sighed. "Clean and caller, wi' a fit like the hinney-bee," she continued. "I was aye big and buirdly, ye maun understand; a bonny figure o' a woman, though I say it that suldae—built to rear bairns—braw bairns they suld hae been, and grand I would hae likit it! But I was young, dear, wi' the bonny glint o' youth in my een, and little I dreamed I'd ever be tellin' ye this, an auld, lanely, rudas wife! Weel, Mr. Erchie, there was a lad cam' courtin' me, as was but naetural. Mony had come before, and I would nane o' them. But this yin had a tongue to wile the birds frae the lift and the bees frae the foxglove bells. Deary me, but it's lang syne! Foll: have deed sinsyne and been buried and are forgotten, and bairns been born and got merrit, and got bairns o' their ain. Sinsyne woods have been plantit, and have grown up and are bonny trees, and the joes sit in their shadow; and sinsyne auld estates have changed hands, and there have been wars and rumors of wars on the face of the earth. And here I'm still—like an auld droopit crow—lookin' on and craikin'! But, Mr. Erchie, do ye no think that I have mind o' it a' still? I was dwellin' then in my faither's house; and it's a curious thing that we were whiles trysted in the Deil's Hags. And do ye no think that I have mind o' the bonny simmer days, the lang miles o' the bluid-red heather, the cryin' o' the whaups, and the lad and the lassie that was trysted? Do ye no think that I mind how the hilly sweetness ran about my hair? Aye, Mr. Erchie, I ken the wey o' it—fine do I ken the wey—how the grace o' God takes them, like Paul of Tarsus, when they think at least, and drives the pair o' them into a land which is like a dream, and the world and the folks in 't are nae mair than clouds to the puir lassie, and Heaven nae mair than window-straes, if she can but pleasure him! Untill Tam deed—that was my story," she broke off to say, "he deed, and I wasnae at the buryin'. But while he was here I could take care o' myself. And can yon puir lassie?"

Kirstie, her eyes shining with unshed tears, stretched out her hand toward him appealingly; the bright and the dull gold of her hair flashed and smouldered in the coils behind her comely head, like the rays of an eternal youth; the pure color had risen in her face, and Archie was abashed alike by her beauty and her story. He came toward her slowly from the window, took up her hand in his and kissed it.

"Kirstie," he said, hoarsely, "you have misjudged me sorely. I have always thought of her; I wouldnae harm her for the universe, my woman!"

"Eh, lad, and that's easy sayin'," cried Kirstie, "but it's nane sae easy doin'! Man, do ye no comprehend that it's God's will we should be blendit and glamour'd, and have nae command over our ain members at a time like that? My bairn," she cried, still holding his hand, "think o' the puir lass! Have pity upon her, Erchie; and oh, be wise for twa! Think o' the risk she runs! I have seen ye, and what's to

prevent ithers? I saw ye once in the Hags, in my ain howl, and I was wae to see ye there—in pairt for the omen, for I think there's a weird on the place—and in pairt for pure nakit envy and bitterness o' hairt. It's strange ye should forgather there ta! God! But yon puir, thrawn auld Covenanter's seen a heap o' human natur since he lookit his last on the musket-barrels, if he never saw nane afore," she added, with a kind of wonder in her eyes.

"I swear by my honor I have done her no wrong," said Archie. "I swear by my honor and the redemption of my soul that there shall none be done her. I have heard of this before. I have been foolish, Kirstie, not unkind; and, above all, not base."

"There's my bairn!" said Kirstie, rising. "I'll can trust ye noo; I'll can gang to my bed wi' an easy hairt." And then she saw in a flash how barren had been her triumph. Archie had promised to spare the girl, and he would keep it; but who had promised to spare Archie? What was to be the end of it? Over a maze of difficulties she glanced and saw, at the end of every passage, the flinty countenance of Hermiston, and a kind of horror fell upon her at what she had done. She wore a tragic mask. "Erchie, the Lord peety you, dear, and peety me! I have buildit on this foundation"—laying her hand heavily on his shoulder—"and buildit hie, and pit my hairt in the buildin' of it. If the hale hypothec were to fa', I think, laddie, I would dee! Excuse a daft wife that loves ye, and that kenned ye'r mither. And for His name's sake keep yersel' frae inordinate desires; haud your hairt in baith your hands, carry it canny and laigh; dinnae send it up like a bairn's kite into the collieshangie o' the wunds! Mind, Maister Erchie, dear, that this life's a' a disappointment, and a mouthfu' o' mools is the appointed end."

"Aye, but Kirstie, my woman, you're asking me ower much at last," said Archie, profoundly moved, and lapsing into the broad Scots. "Ye're asking what nae man can grant ye; what only the Lord of heaven can grant ye if He see fit. Aye! And can even He? I can promise ye what I shall do, and ye can depend on that. But how I shall feel—my woman, that is long past thinking of!"

They were both standing opposite each other now. The face of Archie wore the wretched semblance of a smile; hers was convulsed for a moment.

"Promise me ae thing," she cried, in a sharp voice. "Promise me ye'll never do naething without tellin' me."

"No, Kirstie; I cannae promise ye that," he replied. "I have promised enough, God kens!"

"May the blessing of God lift and rest upon ye, dear!" she said.

"God bless ye, my old friend," said he.

#### IX.

##### BY THE WEAVER'S STONE.

It was late in the afternoon when Archie drew near by the hill path to the Praying Weaver's Stone. The Hags were in shadow. But still, through the gate of the Slap the sun shot a last arrow, which sped far and straight across the surface of the moss, here and there touching and shining on a tussock, and lighted at length on the gravestone and the small figure awaiting him there. The emptiness and solitude of the great moors seemed to be concentrated there, and Kirstie pointed out by that figure of sunshine for the only inhabitant. His first sight of her was thus exorcisingly sad, like a glimpse of a world from which all light, comfort, and society were on the point of vanishing. And the next moment, when she had turned her face to him and the quick smile had enlightened it, the whole face of nature smiled upon him in her smile of welcome. Archie's slow pace was quickened, his legs hastened to her, though his heart was hanging back. The girl, upon her side, drew herself together slowly and stood up, expectant; she was all languor, her face was gone white, her arms ached for him, her soul was on tip-toes.

But he deceived her, pausing a few steps away, not less white than herself, and holding up his hand with a gesture of denial.

"No, Christina, not to-day," he said. "To-day I have to talk to you seriously. Sit ye down, please, there where you were. Please!" he repeated.

The revulsion of feeling in Christina's heart was violent. To have longed and waited these weary hours for him, rehearsing her endearments; to have seen him at last come; to have been ready there, breathless, wholly passive, his to do what he would with—and suddenly to have found herself confronted with a gray-faced, harsh schoolmaster—it was too rude a shock. She could have wept, but pride withheld her. She sat down on the stone, from which she had arisen, part with the instinct of obedience, part as though she had been thrust there. What was this? Why was she rejected? Had she ceased to please? She stood here offering her wares, and he would none of them! And yet they were all his. His to take and

keep; not his to refuse, though! In her quick, petulant nature, a moment ago on fire with hope, thwarted love and wounded vanity wrought. The schoolmaster that there is in all men, to the despair of all girls and most women, was now completely in possession of Archie. He had passed a night of sermons, a day of reflection; he had come wound up to do his duty; and the set mouth, which in him only betrayed the effort of his will, to her seemed the expression of an averted heart. It was the same with his constrained voice and embarrassed utterance; and if so—if it was all over—the pang of the thought took away from her the power of thinking.

He stood before her some way off. "Kirstie, there's been too much of this. We've seen too much of each other."

She looked up quickly and her eyes contracted.

"There's no good ever comes of these secret meetings. They're not frank, not honest truly, and I ought to have seen it. People have begun to talk; and it's not right of me. Do you see?"

"I see somebody will have been talking to ye," she said, sullenly.

"They have, more than one of them," replied Archie.

"And wha were they?" she cried. "And what kind of love do ye ca' that, that's ready to gang round like a whirligig at folk talking? Do ye think they have nae talked to me?"

"Have they, indeed?" said Archie, with a quick breath. "That is what I feared. Who were they? Who has dared—?"

Archie was on the point of losing his temper. As a matter of fact, not any one had talked to Christina on the matter; and she strenuously repeated her own first question: a panic of self-defense.

"Ah, well! what does it matter?" he said. "They were good folk that wished well to us, and the great affair is that there are people talking. My dear girl, we have to be wise. We must not wreck our lives at the outset. They may be long and happy yet, and we must see to it, Kirstie, like God's rational creatures, and not like fool children. There is one thing we must see to before all. You're worth waiting for, Kirstie!—worth waiting for a generation; it would be enough reward." And here he remembered the schoolmaster again, and very unwisely took to following wisdom. "The first thing that we must see to is that there shall be no scandal about, for my father's sake. That would ruin all. Do ye no see that?"

Kirstie was a little pleased; there had been some show of warmth of sentiment in what Archie had said last. But the dull irritation still persisted in her bosom; with the aboriginal instinct, having suffered herself, she wished to make Archie suffer.

And besides, there had come out the word she had always feared to hear from his lips, the name of his father. It is not to be supposed that, during so many days with a love avowed between them, some reference had not been made to their conjoint future. It had, in fact, often been touched upon, and from the first had been the sore point. Kirstie had willfully closed the eye of thought; she would not argue even with herself; gallant, desperate little heart, she had accepted the command of that supreme attraction like the call of fate, and marched blidfolded on her doom. But Archie, with his masculine sense of responsibility, must reason; he must dwell on some future good, when the present good was all in all to Kirstie; he must talk—and talk lamely, as necessity drove him—of what was to be. Again and again he had touched on marriage; again and again been driven back into indistinctness by a memory of Lord Hermiston. And Kirstie had been swift to understand, and quick to choke down and smother the understanding; swift to leap up in flame at a mention of that hope, which spoke volumes to her vanity and her love, that she might one day be Mistress Weir, of Hermiston; swift, also, to recognize in his stumbling or throttled utterance the death-knell of these expectations; and constant, poor girl! in her large-minded madness, to go on and to reck nothing of the future. But these unfinished references, these blinks in which his heart spoke and his memory and reason rose up to silence it before the words were well uttered, gave her unqualifiable agony. She was raised up and dashed down again bleeding. The recurrence of the subject forced her, for however short a time, to open her eyes on what she did not wish to see; and it had invariably ended in another disappointment. So now, again, at the mere wind of its coming, at the mere mention of his father's name—who might seem, indeed, to have accompanied them in their whole moorland courtship, an awful figure in a wig, with an ironical and bitter smile, present to guilty consciousness—she fled from it head down.

"Ye havenae told me yet," she said, "who was it spoke?"

"Your aunt, for one," said Archie.

"Auntie Kirstie?" she cried. "And what do I care for my Auntie Kirstie?"

"She cares a great deal for her niece," replied Archie, in kind reproof.

"Troth, and it's the first I've heard of it," retorted the girl.

"The question here is not who it is, but what they say—what they have noticed," pursued the lucid schoolmaster. "That is what we have to think of in self-defense."

"Auntie Kirstie, indeed! A bitter, thrawn auld maid that's fomented trouble in the country before I was born, and will be doing't still, I daur say, when I'm dead! It's in her nature; it's as natural for her as it's for a sheep to eat."

"Pardon me, Kirstie; she was not the only one," interposed Archie. "I had two warnings, two sermons, last night, both most kind and considerate. Had you been there, I promise you, you would have grat, my dear! And they opened my eyes. I saw we were going a wrong way."

"Who was the other one?" Kirstie demanded.

By this time Archie was in the condition of a hunted beast. He had come, braced and resolute; he was to trace out a line of conduct for the pair of them in a few cold, convincing sentences; he had now been there some time, and he was still staggering round the out-works and undergoing what he felt to be a savage cross-examination.

"Mr. Frank!" she cried. "What next, I would like to ken?"

"He spoke most kindly and truly."

"What like did he say?"

"I am not going to tell you; you have nothing to do with that," cried Archie, startled to find he had admitted so much.

"Oh, I have naething to do wi' it!" she repeated, springing to her feet. "A'boddy at Hermiston's free to pass their opinions upon me, but I have naething to do wi' it! Was this at prayers like? Did ye ca' the grievie into the consultation? Little wonder if a'boddy's talking, when ye make a'boddy ye'r confidants! But, as you say, Mr. Weir—most kindly, most considerately, most true, I'm sure—I have naething to do with it. And I think I'll better be going. I'll be wishing you good-evening, Mr. Weir." And she made him a stately courtesy, shaking as she did so, from head to foot, with the barren ecstasy of temper.

Poor Archie stood dumfounded. She had moved some steps away from him before he recovered the gift of articulate speech.

"Kirstie!" he cried. "Oh, Kirstie, woman!" There was in his voice a ring of appeal, a clang of mere astonishment that showed the schoolmaster was vanquished.

She turned round on him. "What do ye Kirstie me for?" she retorted. "What have ye to do wi' me? Gang to ye'r ain freends and deave them!"

He could only repeat the appealing "Kirstie!"

"Kirstie, indeed!" cried the girl, her eyes blazing in her white face. "My name is Miss Christina Elliott, I would have ye to ken, and I daur ye to ca' me out of it. If I cannae get love, I'll have respect, Mr. Weir. I'm come of decent people, and I'll have respect. What have I done that ye should lightly me? What have I done? What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"—and her voice rose upon the third repetition. "I thoct—I thoct—I thoct I was sae happy!"—and the first sob broke from her like the paroxysm of some mortal sickness.

Archie ran to her. He took the poor child in his arms, and she nestled to his breast as to a mother's and clasped him in hands that were strong like vises. He felt her shaken by the throes of distress, and had pity upon her beyond speech. Pity, and at the same time a bewildered fear of this explosive engine in his arms, whose works he did not understand, and yet had been tampering with. There rose from before him the curtains of boyhood, and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is. In vain he looked back over the interview; he saw not where he had offended. It seemed unprovoked, a willful convulsion of brute nature.

(The recollections of the author's step-daughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, enable the following summary argument to be given of the intended course of the story from the point where it was interrupted by the author's death: Archie persists in his good resolution of no farther compromising young Kirstie. Frank Innes takes advantage of the situation thus created to pursue the purpose of seduction which he has conceived; and Kirstie, though still really loving Archie, allows herself to become Frank's victim. Old Kirstie is the first to perceive something amiss with the girl, and believes that Archie is the man to blame. He, desiring to shield her as far as may be, does not deny Kirstie's charge, but goes to find young Kirstie, who confesses the truth to him. Archie, lovin' her in spite of all, promises to protect her through her trouble. He then has an interview with Frank on the moor, which ends by Archie shooting Frank at the Weaver's Stone. Meanwhile, the Four Black Brothers, enraged with

Archie as the supposed seducer of their sister, seek him out with the purpose of vengeance, and are just closing in on him when he is arrested by the officers of the law for the murder of Frank. He is brought to trial, and the presiding judge is his own father, the lord justice-clerk, who, like an old Roman, condemns his son to death, but presently afterward dies himself of the ordeal. Meanwhile, old Kirstie has discovered the truth from the girl, and communicates it to the Four Black Brothers, who, in a great revulsion of feeling in Archie's favor, determine on an action after the old manner of their house. They gather a following to force the prison in which Archie lies condemned, and, after a great fight, rescue him. The story ends with the escape of Archie and young Kirstie to America. "I do not know," adds the amanuensis, "what was to become of old Kirstie; but that character grew and strengthened so in the writing that I am sure he had some dramatic destiny for her.")

THE END.

## The Apotheosis of Electricity.

THE latter half of the present century is to science what the Augustan age of Rome or the Elizabethan age of England was to literature. In our time the Muses have been superseded by



F. W. HAWLEY.

the goddess of Electricity. Beside the name of a Shakespeare or a Virgil, that of an Edison or a Tesla is blazoned on the scroll of time; and as the words of the former are in all men's hearts and

mouths, so the works of the latter are to-day in all men's minds and hands. Human genius, which in earlier days was esteemed bold to have lain a hand upon old ocean's mane, now has seized the cosmic currents of earth and sky, givers of light and life, yet swift and sure emissaries of death, and become the triumphant task-master of electricity—"that subtle and sublime agent of the Almighty, the most potent factor in the everlasting mystery of creation."

The National Electrical Exposition, held in conjunction with the nineteenth annual convention of the National Electric Light Association, puts this stupendous achievement, in all its bearings, before the eyes of the American public in the dazzling show which now occupies the Grand Central Palace in New York City. Governor Morton opened this unprecedented exposition by pressing a golden electrical key—the same which President Cleveland used in opening the world's fair at Chicago. The whole building blazed with light and vibrated with motion at this signal, which also, through telegraphic communication, fired simultaneously four guns, at the four sides of the country—namely, at Augusta, Maine, New Orleans, San Francisco, and St. Paul, Minnesota. And the electrical current thus turned on was generated at Niagara Falls by the power of the cataract, transmitted 462 miles over telegraph wires. This is by far the longest transmission of electricity for power or lighting purposes ever accomplished in the world, thus far.

The visitor saw around him at that moment, as he may see at the exposition any day until the end of the month, working machines and devices illustrating every conceivable application of electricity and electrical energy. Every kind of electric light invented up to date contributes to the general illumination there. Some idea of the magnitude of this branch alone may be obtained from the official statement that the delegates present at the convention represent nearly ten thousand electric-lighting plants in the United States, with an aggregate of capital amounting to seven hundred and fifty million dollars.

The vast space of the main floor in the "Palace" is taken up mostly with the countless exhibits of electrical mechanisms used in telegraphy and telephony, railway transportation, lighting, motors, and power. These fill about two hundred sections, occupied by leading companies and firms. In the middle of the hall is the popular *clou* of the show—the large working model of the Falls of Niagara, with the river above and below, the islands and Canadian shore, and a section of the city of Niagara, showing the power plant just completed there at an expense of six million dollars. Connected with this model are a number of telephone transmitters, in communication with receivers placed at Niagara above the great cataract itself. By this means it is possible to hear, at a distance of four hundred and sixty-two miles, the actual roar of the falls—which, however, is not a "roar" at all, but a deep, awesome dia-

pason, pronounced by a musician to be "a perfectly constructed musical tone, or complete series of tones all in grand unison as in an organ." Near-by is a forty-foot section of the Erie Canal, with real water, and model canal-boats run by the new electric bank haulage system, which is actually being put into operation on that ancient water-way. Another potent attraction, on the second floor, is the practical demonstration of the use of the Röntgen X rays, by means of Edison's fluoroscope.

Of course the exhibit of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company is a conspicuous feature. It includes a dynamo controlling section complete, with storage battery attached; and an almost infinite variety of electrical apparatus and inventions.

Although it is Nikola Tesla's alternating current motor which makes possible the long distance transmission of energy over ordinary wires, as from Niagara in the present instance, yet there is comparatively little in this or in Tesla's other inventions and discoveries that could be made effective in a popular exhibit. Thus it happens that Tesla is practically unrepresented at the exposition, at this present writing. It is likely, however, that his "oscillator" and other mechanisms will be in place there by the time these notes are printed.

In connection with our illustrations of the exposition we give a portrait of Mr. Frank W. Hawley, chairman of the reception committee, and one of the most efficient workers for the success of the great show. Mr. Hawley has been prominently identified with the enterprise of applying electricity to the Erie Canal, and the elaborate model already mentioned was constructed at his special direction for the National Electrical Exposition.

HENRY TYRRELL.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Golfing Season.

THE golfing season is now fairly under way, and almost daily from now on until late November there will be a brilliant succession of tournaments and private matches. New clubs seem to spring up, like mushrooms, in a night; and that the game is making rapid strides in popular favor can no longer be doubted.

At Van Cortlandt Park, near New York City, links are laid out for the use of the public, and it is only a question of a short while when many of the larger cities will provide links for the use of those unable to afford the luxury of club membership.

While those persons who declare that all they can see in the game is chasing a ball around a ten-acre lot are still in evidence, there has not been an exception to the rule of absolute conversion to the game once it is tried.

This is so from the fact that it only takes about two minutes to convince the beginner that it is anything but an "easy game" to hit the little white ball in order to render a walk or a chase after it at all necessary. Repeated failure in this respect generates a nettled feeling. Then the beginner gets mad, interest is aroused, and thereafter grows warmer and warmer as respect for the game deepens through the manifestation of its many scientific points and possibilities for the display of genius.

The St. Andrew's Club of Yonkers is the pioneer golf organization in the country. Its membership numbers over three hundred. Of the more important fixtures which appear on their schedule these may be noted: Decoration Day handicap, limit eighteen—governors' prizes in plate value of fifty dollars to first, twenty dollars to second, and ten dollars to third; Labor Day handicap; Wednesday to Saturday, October 7th to 10th, annual tournament open to all members of the United States Golf Association, and an added professional event; club championship for the John Reid gold medal. Besides these events there are monthly handicap meetings of the two classes, "A" and "B," into which the members are grouped. The former class is rated at twelve and under, and the latter at a higher number than twelve.

#### COLLEGE MEN PLAYING GOLF.

The game of golf is rapidly making its way among the colleges, and in a year or so inter-collegiate golf will be one of the listed sports. On May 26th (Tuesday) the Princeton Golf Club holds a tournament, open to the undergraduate members of the club. The club is practically a college affair, though, as the initiation fee and the yearly dues together amount to but ten dollars.

At New Haven any number of Yale men are playing the game, and the same may be said of Harvard, Pennsylvania, and other colleges.

#### THE CORNELL CREW.

F. W. Freeborn, captain of the Cornell crew,

has been quoted as saying that the work of his men has been very unsatisfactory of late.

Briggs, who has been stroking all through the spring, was at the eleventh hour settled upon as the cause of an unsteady movement of the boat, due to a slow catch, and removed. Freeborn was put in his place.

Little is said openly of the Cornell crew and their chances against Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, but on the quiet it is believed that the crew is going to wipe out last year's defeat. The crew will without doubt be faster than the one which lost at Poughkeepsie last year, for the make-up will include the best men who rowed at Henley.

Now, last year good judges of rowing were of the opinion that Columbia would have had great difficulty in winning had the water conditions been different. Almost from the start the Cornell boat, with its lighter crew, was bothered by the water which came over the sides. The boat filled completely at the finish.

With fairer conditions this year the Cornell crew will take a lot of beating, and if the writer is not greatly mistaken, will prove to the world that their stroke, which was condemned in England as being too quick and choppy and no good for a distance race, can be maintained successfully for four miles.

A new English shell, in which the crew is seated port and starboard, is now being tried. The opinion prevails that the boat is inferior to those of American standard make. A thorough trial, however, will be given it, though it is unlikely that the crew will use it in the race this year.

#### COLUMBIA'S TRACK TEAM.

Assisted by the professional services of Walter Christie, the Columbia track and field candidates for the athletic team are doing good work. Though a number of the best men of the '95 team are out this year, enough new material has been found to partially fill the gaps.

In Wilson, Columbia has a fine sprinter, probably the fastest since Smull ran so successfully for the blue and white. For the quarter-mile Schaff, Ehrich, Wagner, and Thompson are all doing promising work. Emerson, a Harvard man in the graduate department, will likely run in the mile event. His record is 4:32, and for the half-mile he has also done creditable time. Most prominent among the freshmen candidates for the team are Pell and Von Baur in the hurdles, and Hackett and Josephthal in the walk.

In the annual games with Princeton, Columbia ought to make a good showing. When it comes to the intercollegiate games, though, the matter of scoring a point against the cracks of Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Yale will be a difficult matter.

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA EIGHT.

Word comes from Philadelphia that Ellis Ward is getting along swimmingly with his green crew. Following are some interesting statistics of the eight men who have been rowing together of late:

	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Stroke, F. O. Darragh, '97 D.....	30	5-11 $\frac{1}{4}$	170
No. 7. Charles Jack, '98 M.....	31	6-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	165
" 6. Gustave P. Tismer, '98 M. 24	34	5-11	166
" 5. B. M. Dickenson, '98 M.....	23	6-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	173
" 4. F. M. Dunn, '97 C.....	30	6	165
" 3. A. E. Willauer, '98 C.....	30	5-9 $\frac{3}{4}$	160
" 2. F. W. Sink'er, '97 C.....	18	5-10 $\frac{1}{4}$	155
" 1. L. Meaker, '96 D.....	30	5-9	158

The average weight of this crew is one hundred and sixty-four pounds, which is below the average of 'varsity' crews by several pounds. They row a snappy stroke, are expected to do credit to Ward—also to prove the wisdom of the boating committee in taking the coaching power from George Woodruff.

#### BROOKE AND WILLIAMS OUT.

According to a recent decision upon the eligibility of foot-ball men for the elevens of Harvard and Pennsylvania, the latter loses the services of Brooke and Williams. This is a sad blow to the otherwise bright prospects of the Quakers again turning out a championship team. While Williams's place can be filled, perhaps, satisfactorily, that of Brooke cannot begin to be. Brooke, by his magnificent kicking, has been the prime factor in all of Pennsylvania's latest achievements on the gridiron. Without him to make assurance doubly sure that when a kick is ordered a kick will come, the Quakers must hustle as never before.

Of course, at Cambridge this blow to Pennsylvania is hailed with joy, for it means a probable win for the crimson eleven. With Brooke in the game it would be more a case of the possible than the probable.

#### FENNESSEY ROWING AGAIN.

An important change recently made in the make-up of the Harvard crew was that of Fennessey for Marvin. Fennessey is admittedly the best man who has pulled an oar for Harvard in several years. His fine work has always been the one redeeming feature of the work of losing Harvard eights for the past three years.

Fennessey was placed at 4 as a starter, Moulton was transferred to bow, while Marvin was

thrown out. Later on Fennessey will undoubtedly be moved to 7—his rightful place.

*A. T. Bull.*

## People Talked About.

—THE Raines liquor tax law is likely to prove a "good thing" for the lawyers. The largest fee which has yet been paid to counsel in any of the suits instituted for the overthrow of the law is that reported to have been paid to Mr. Joseph H. Choate for his argument in the Court of Appeals against the constitutionality of the act. The sum said to have been paid him was one hundred thousand dollars. Decision in the case has not yet been given.

—With the end of his term next March Senator Morrill will have represented Vermont for thirty years in the Senate, and will be nearly eighty-seven years old. It will be interesting to observe whether he will again be returned to the seat he has occupied so long and so honorably. The Senator is as completely in the possession of his faculties as he was when he served his first term in the Senate, and he looks but little older. His recent birthday anniversary evoked tributes of esteem from all parts of the Union, from personal friends and strangers alike.

—A campaign biography of ex-Governor Boies says that he began the practice of law in 1852 "with fifteen dollars' worth of law-books and a wife." He was then twenty-five years old, and had been for nine years supporting himself by doing chores and working for farmers. In all of these particulars Mr. Boies has the essentials for a Presidential candidate. He is now sixty-eight years old and in fine health. He seems to have a good many of the old Puritanical virtues, for he is said not to play cards or billiards, and does not smoke or drink, nor does he favor athletic sports. A long walk is his only form of exercise.

—John D. Spreckels, son of the old sugar king, is one of the California delegates-at-large to the St. Louis convention. He was known before the State convention as an Allison man, and undertook to prevent the instruction of the delegates for McKinley, but found the sentiment for the latter so overwhelming that he was glad to save his bacon by capitulating to the majority and agreeing to vote with them for the choice of the State. Spreckels has heretofore given a good deal of financial support to the party, and evidently relied upon his barrel to carry him through in his aspirations to leadership, but it is evident that for once that peculiar influence failed of its potency.

—One of the recent social events of Chicago was the marriage of Miss Florence Pullman, daughter of George M. Pullman, to Mr. Frank O. Lowden, a native of Minnesota, and of hardy New England stock on both sides, being originally of the well-known Scotch family of Loudoun, or Loudon. Mr. Lowden is a successful lawyer of Chicago, a popular club man, a gentleman, and a scholar. He is no child of fortune, but made his way through the Iowa



MRS. FRANK O. LOWDEN, NÉE PULLMAN.

State University by the time-honored expedient of teaching school to pay his way, and was graduated in 1885 with the highest honors attained at the university up to that time. Mr. Lowden has marked gifts as an orator, and his address before the graduating class of the law school of his university in 1894 has been commented upon with much favor both in England and America. Miss Florence Pullman is well known as the daughter of the palace-car magnate. Despite her social position, she has always been quiet and retiring in her tastes, and very averse to public notice. Her friends know her as a beautiful, accomplished, and charming young lady, and congratulate both bride and groom upon their happy selection and mutual good-fortune.



MISS MARGUERITE LLOYD.



MISS RUTH MATTHEWS.



MISS ALICE LAWS.



MISS BLANCHE BURCKHARDT.



MRS. WILLIAM JUDKINS.



MRS. J. B. FORAKER.



MRS. BENTLEY MATTHEWS.



MRS. LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JR.



MRS. LAURETTA B. GIBSON.



MRS. CHARLES WALTER BELL.



FFRANGCON-DAVIES.



PLUNKET GREENE.



BEN DAVIES.



MADAME KATHERINA LOBSE-KLAFSKY.



MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.



MISS MARIE BREMA.



R. WATKIN MILLS.



MADAME MEDORA HENSON.



GEORGE J. HAMLIN.

## CINCINNATI AND ITS MUSIC FESTIVALS.



THEODORE THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

If one would see the most interesting phase of life in Cincinnati, he should visit it during the twelfth biennial music festival, which will be held from May 19th to 23d this year. The local public speak of the affair curtly as the "May Festival," and, in truth, though it is an urban function, with never a suggestion of green grass, the songs of mavis and nightingale, or lads and lassies dancing, but has its name solely because it chances to be celebrated in the merry month, there is so much of the lovely vernal feeling in the hearts of the people awakened by the music, the smart gowns, the crowded streets, and the throbbings of local pride, that one can safely associate the lovely old meaning with the prosaically conceived modern name. Cincinnati has changed much in her externals since Longfellow celebrated her as

"the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the beautiful river,"

but, in her heart of hearts there beats much of the gentleness and refinement which characterized her before the world began to measure worth by size and noise. A little less than two decades ago she, too, seemed anxious to sacrifice her reputation for solidity and the reposefulness which denotes strength, and enter into the mad scramble for what was called "greatness" in the West; but now she has recovered her sober second thought and is willing, as she used to be, to lead all the erstwhile rivals that have outstripped her in achieving population and business, in the things which make for intellectual and aesthetic culture. The hog has gone to Chicago, but the fine arts have remained, and no city in the country has yet succeeded in rivaling her biennial tributes to music. It would be easy enough to point out how New York and Boston suffer nothing in their cultivation of the gentle art by being excluded from this rivalry. They have high-class music always, and are not called upon to concentrate their enjoyment of its loftiest manifestations to a week every two years. Cincinnati, too, has begun to follow in their footsteps, and it may be possible that the mission of her festivals will some day, not far distant, either fall away or undergo a change; but this will not dim the glory of the past nor rob the history of the festivals of its profound significance. A mighty impulse went out long ago from the Cincinnati festivals, an impulse that worked for good, not only in the West, where its influence was most felt, but even in the East.

There was much propriety in this, for there is a reason for which Cincinnati deserves to be thought of in connection with New York and Boston whenever the development of music in America is under contemplation. The reason, too, is closely associated with the institution now under consideration. The cultivation of choral music in the form chiefly admired by our German fellow-citizens received its earliest and strongest encouragement in Cincinnati. It is as distinctively the American home of the German *Männergesang* (part-song singing by men) as New York is the American home of instrumental music and the opera. The first German singing festival ever held on this side of the Atlantic was held in Cincinnati in 1849. Naturally, there were older singing societies in the East, and there had begun an interchange

of visits between societies in New York and Philadelphia before the date mentioned, which might have developed into the *Sängerfeste*, which have so warmed the German heart for nearly half a century. But the initiative came from the Western community, and when one of the German gatherings (the *Sängerfest* of 1870) left a large music-hall on the hands of the local committee, it also left that which suggested the establishment of the May festivals, which, through their nobler aims and broader scope, exercised the most potent influence that local history knows on choral culture in America.

The festivals began in 1873, and originally there was something of the German plan in their organization. Mr. Theodore Thomas, who suggested them and has been their conductor ever since, contemplated a gathering together of the singing societies (mixed voices, of course) of the country, chiefly of the West, and the first festival chorus was composed of a considerable number of choirs that came from other cities than Cincinnati. It was a natural enough idea, and the wisdom of the change made after the third festival, in 1878, which confined the chorus to singers of Cincinnati permanently organized for the purposes of the biennial meeting, has frequently been criticised, but the ambition which prompted the change was already present at the first festival, and was so noble that it seemed churlish to quarrel with it. Mr. Thomas wished the festivals to stand for the highest possible achievements in music, and these he thought could be more easily attained with a festival choir permanently organized, under the supervision of the association, and engaged in study during the interregnum between the festivals, than with a chorus hastily recruited from a dozen or more societies whose interest in the festival was bounded by a few weeks of preparation and performance.

It may not be amiss for one who disagreed with Mr. Thomas's policy at the time to say now (so it be done without boastfulness) that it was proved by results to be a mistaken one, there being a falling off after 1880 in both popular interest and artistic accomplishment, but it was a mistake that seemed a natural sequence of the astonishing circumstances which attended the festival of 1878. In that year the Music Hall, which is one of Cincinnati's proudest monuments, was dedicated. The enthusiasm which built it (with moneys raised by popular subscription, for which the initiative went out from Reuben R. Springer, a retired merchant) was the fruit of the second festival in 1875. Civic pride and artistic ambition had been wonderfully stirred by the success of the festivals and the industrial expositions held in the old wooden building left by the German singers, and when the balance had been struck after the festival, which began with the dedicatory exercises in the new hall, it was found that despite enormous expenditures there were thirty-two thousand dollars to the good in the hands of the treasurer.

Those days fill a lovely page in the book of memory. Not only the thronging crowds moving through streets spanned with arches, past house-fronts gay with bunting, mottoes, and pictures, all faces wearing the expression of eagerness and joyous expectation, but also the spirit which moved the staid and somewhat

stolid business men of the city, cause a swelling of the heart when they are recalled. The former feature made the financial and helped the artistic success of the festival, but the latter, having already given the superb hall with its exposition wings to the city, continued its beneficent ministrations and added a college of music and an art museum to the refining agencies. And all was done in a spirit of love. I can well recall the devotion which Joseph Longworth, son of the Longworth whose Catawba wine warmed the heart of the poet to pay the tribute from which I have already quoted, watched over the erection of the Music Hall, and how, when the large organ was placed in it, he advocated daily recitals, the doors always open, "like those of a cathedral, so that any one who wished might enter, mutter a prayer or two, and go his ways." A man of strong artistic conviction was Joseph Longworth, profoundly persuaded of the utility and beauty of yellow poplar for architectural purposes. "They speak of it contemptuously as 'yaller poplar,'" said he on one occasion, "but it is *Liliodendron tulipifera*, and one of the finest of American woods. Watch it grow rich with age." He had walls, proscenium, and ceiling of the hall built of it, but a spirit of iconoclasm saw no richness in its old-growing, and now the *Liliodendron tulipifera* has given way to conventional plaster and stucco, as the hall has been remodeled to adapt it to theatrical as well as festival and convention uses.

It is not to be expected that the scenes of 1878 will be repeated this month. Cincinnati and the country round about tributary to her have grown familiar with festivals since then, but an air of gaiety always takes possession of the people when the melodious May-tide comes. Then gowns and bonnets of the daintiest hues and fabric are donned in defiance of the falling soot and pervading grime, floor and galleries of the hall become crowded with the happy folk, hearts beat synchronously with the movements of Thomas's baton; it is a long, sunshiny, New York Easter Sunday set down amidst the smoky gloom of the Queen City, and woe betide the unhappy critic who does not know that there is no leader like Thomas, no choir like that of Cincinnati, no orchestra like the festival orchestra (albeit its nucleus comes from Chicago), and no performances like those of the occasion. It were better for him that a millstone be placed around his neck and he be drowned in the river when it is yellowest.

The coming festival will be much like its predecessors in the character of its programmes and its forces. Mr. Thomas's plan has been for years to devote all of the evenings but one to the large choral works, and to give the excepted evening to the *manes* of Wagner. This he will do again, and his Wagner night will shine with the glory of Frau Lohse-Klafsky's voice, temperament and art. The choral works which he has put into the scheme are Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," Tinel's "St. Francis," Goring Thomas's secular cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," and fragments from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with its choral finale, will also have a performance. It is an interesting fact that the second day of the festival will be the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of this colossal master-work in the United States. It would have been possible to give the Cincinnati performance a special interest had Mr. Thomas noted this fact and set it on May 20th; but the idea either did not occur to him, or met with no favor. The magnitude of the festivals has enabled Mr. Thomas to enlist the most eminent solo talent obtainable, and there is scarcely a great singer who has visited America since 1873 but has sung at the Cincinnati gatherings, which, moreover, have sometimes been directly instrumental in bringing them from Europe. This year, it is an occasion of patriotic pride to note, the work in the principal soprano field will be shared with Frau Lohse-Klafsky by Madame Nordica, a Maine girl who has carried guerdons won at Bayreuth back to her native Farmington. Other foreign artists of renown who will participate are Miss Marie Brema, mezzo-soprano; Ben Davies, tenor; Watkin Mills, Plunket Greene, and Ffrangcon Davies, baritone and basses. Smaller solo parts will be sung by Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawton, of Cincinnati, and George W. Hamlin, of Chicago.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

## A Magic Word.

I HEARD a voice in the street  
Saying, aloud, one word  
Hoarse and rough, yet as sweet  
To me as the song of bird.  
Its echo rang with the far,  
Clear echo of lifted hills,  
Of rocks where green mosses are,  
And the music of seaward rills.  
I saw the sunlight fall,  
Like links of a golden chain,  
Through the young, green leaves, and all  
The gardens in bloom again.  
I breathed the scent of the breeze,  
Where the pine-boughs thrilled and stirred—  
Strawberries! Strawberries!  
That was the magic word.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Cincinnati Socially—  
Her Notable Women.

SOCIALLY considered, Cincinnati is a conservative old town, with very few airs and frills. Her people are always the last to take up the fads which are wont to sweep the country at intervals and afford periodic excitement to the pleasure-loving folk of other large cities. The exact solution of this condition would be as difficult as to determine just why society in other towns is gayer and more up-to-date. Certain it is that money with which to gratify the most extravagant craving for gayeties is not lacking. Cincinnati has at least a hundred men whose fortunes long since passed the million mark, and many families who summer in the strongholds of Eastern society keep pace for half the year in the Astor and Vanderbilt class. But at home, quiet, unostentatious living is the rule, and little of the red tape of society is indulged in. This may be due to the fact that the foundations of Cincinnati society are built of the old families whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers were pioneers in Ohio, and whose representatives have intermarried until nearly everybody is related to everybody else. Relationship is not conducive to ceremony.

But if Cincinnati is not ceremonious, she is hospitable to a degree, with a good, old-fashioned hospitality which is to be prized above great riches and high-mightiness, and gives to every one who enjoys it a feeling of deep and enduring devotion to the Queen City of the West.

Cincinnati's magnificent homes, filled with treasures of art and beauty culled from historic lands, have furnished food for praise from visitors within her gates for half a century past, and her beautiful women have been the theme of many a song and story.

Cincinnati is particularly strong in handsome matrons, and is famous for her pretty girls, and it is doubtful if any other city of its size numbers among its leaders of society so many public-spirited women. The women who are the high priestesses of society are also first and foremost in philanthropic and charitable work and in all the progressive movements that pertain to the city's welfare. They are liberal patrons of the arts, and such occasions as the May Festival and the opera season are calls to a dress-parade of beautiful and cultured women such as few cities in the Union could boast of.

Mrs. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., is a woman of great beauty and magnificent presence, and is always one of the most distinguished figures at any social function. Tall, commanding, and always superbly dressed, she compels attention and admiration. Mrs. Maxwell has a positive genius for entertaining. Her spirits never flag and her resources never fail. Her tact and amiability made her famous during Mr. Maxwell's official career in Washington, when he served with marked distinction as Solicitor-General of the United States, and their house became the centre of a brilliant social circle. They returned to Cincinnati to receive an ovation from old friends and to take up the thread of their cordial hospitality, which was broken by their departure for the capital.

Mrs. J. B. Foraker is always a shining light of brilliant social affairs. Mrs. Foraker is a fine type of the women our fathers and grandfathers loved and married, and that our sons and grandsons will continue to love and marry, for in her may the heart of her husband safely trust. She represents all that is highest and best in American womanhood. She is intensely patriotic, and although not an advocate of woman's rights, she is one of the best posted women, politically, in the country. She does not aspire to prominence outside her home, and abhors notoriety, but she is, in reality, Governor Foraker's right-hand man. Socially Mrs. Foraker is immensely popular, and among the poor she is like an angel of mercy, going about doing good. Mrs. Foraker enjoys superb health, and is like a girl in her keen enjoyment of life. She is extremely fond of driving. Her favorite piece of jewelry is a brooch containing her husband's picture.

Her eldest daughter, Florence, is a tall, grace-



MISS FLORENCE FORAKER.

ful girl, with sweet, unaffected manners, and she and her pretty younger sisters will make a

strong addition to Washington society when their father takes his seat in Congress as Senator from Ohio. Miss Foraker finished in a fashionable Eastern school and made her debut a year ago. She is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, being one of the best riders in town. She will spend the summer in European travel with her sisters.

Mrs. Bentley Matthews is always surrounded by a circle of devoted friends. She presides over a superb home on Edgecliffe Road, and dispenses a quiet, but most charming, hospitality. She is a remarkably well-read woman, a broad scholar and deep thinker, and is an exceedingly beautiful and lovable woman as well. Her especial talent is music. She is a finished pianist, and has a voice of unusual sweetness and range, and the musicales given in her house are among the most delightful affairs known in a year's pleasures. Her husband is a distinguished lawyer, a brother of the late Stanley Matthews.

Their daughter, Miss Ruth Matthews, is a daintily beautiful girl, with a manner as sweet as her face. She has inherited her mother's musical talent, and is devoting herself to the study of music. Miss Matthews has just returned from two years in a Parisian school, and will not make her formal debut in society until next year.

Mrs. Harriet C. Robbins is one of the handsomest matrons in society. Masses of snowy



MRS. HARRIET C. ROBBINS.

hair frame a face full of intelligence and charm, and with coloring as exquisite as a pastel. Mrs. Robbins lives much abroad, but has a beautiful home on Mt. Auburn, filled with rare *objets d'art*. She has wealth and is much devoted to good works, her interest in charitable and philanthropic work being constant and far-reaching. Her kindly heart and generous disposition make her always mindful of those about her, who in return give her the warmest affection. Mrs. Robbins is highly cultured and thoroughly independent in her ideas.

Mrs. Holmes is the daughter of Hon. Charles Fleischmann, and the wife of Dr. C. R. Holmes,



MRS. C. R. HOLMES.

the distinguished eye and ear specialist, whose magnificent hospital was recently dedicated. Mrs. Holmes is a beautiful woman of brilliant attainments, witty, clever and gracious to a degree, but wholly unspoiled by the adulation lavished upon her. She is tremendously popular in the most cultured set. Her summers are spent at "The Schloss," the Fleischmanns' picturesque summer home in the Catskills, and a part of each winter she is a guest on her father's yacht, which cruises about in Southern waters.

Miss Marguerite Lloyd was one of the most admired figures at the last May Festival. She is one of the most distinguished of the younger members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She comes from illustrious Revolutionary stock, and her gentle breeding manifests itself in her charming face and grace of manner. Her great beauty and charm of manner have made her one of the most admired and best loved girls in the Queen City. She is an accomplished linguist and musician, and rides one of the finest thoroughbreds in the country.

Miss Lloyd's engagement to a prominent young New-Yorker has just been announced at one of the handsomest dinners of the season, given by her father, who is a distinguished member of the Bar.

Mrs. William Judkins is regent of the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the Amer-

ican Revolution, one of the strongest chapters of the national organization. Courteous, firm, and just, and with the prestige of a most illustrious ancestral line, Mrs. Judkins makes an admirable regent. Her grandfather was General Richard Clough Anderson, aide-de-camp to General Lafayette; and her uncle, Robert Anderson,



MISS CAROLYN MCLEAN.

was the hero of Fort Sumter, and an officer in the Black Hawk War. Her grandmother was a member of the famous Marshall family of Virginia. Mrs. Judkins is a woman of striking beauty, with a sunny smile and cordial manner that make her a great favorite.

Mrs. Lauretta B. Gibson is one of the most interesting and admirable of women. She is said to be the richest woman in the State of Ohio, but counts her friends who love her for herself alone by scores. To speak of the Bodmann Widows' Home, endowed and supported by this generous-hearted woman, or to mention any of the numerous public charities to which she is a benefactor, would be telling not the half of her good work; for Mrs. Gibson's right hand knows not the doings of her left. She is noble and generous and just, and sweetens her life, which might otherwise be sad and lonely, by her beautiful thoughtfulness for others. No gathering of the good old Cincinnati families is complete without Mrs. Gibson's presence.

Mrs. Perry S. Heath is a charming little Southern woman, a Kentuckian by birth, but a Cincinnati by recent adoption. She was a Conway, one of the oldest and richest families of the Blue Grass State. She has a particularly winning manner, with all that cordiality that distinguishes Southern women, and has been greatly admired during her residence in Cincinnati. Her husband is a brilliant journalist, who spent many years in Washington, where his wife's drawing-rooms came to be considered among the most charming of the capital. Mr. Heath came to Cincinnati two years ago to assume the presidency of the *Commercial Gazette*.

Miss Blanche Burckhardt is one of the most gifted girls of the Queen City. She was superbly educated abroad, and is really more French than American in her habits and tastes. She speaks several languages fluently, and is a finished musician. In society she is much sought after, for she is as gracious as she is gifted. Miss Burckhardt comes of a fine old German family on her father's side, whose men for generations have been diplomats and statesmen in the fatherland. Her mother is an English woman of high station and breeding, whose brothers are in Parliament. Miss Burckhardt is a brunette, with exquisitely moulded form and of manner full of grace and dignity.

Miss Alice Laws is a girl of rare and radiant beauty, whose perfectly moulded features and form and glorious color would single her out for admiration in any throng. She has to a degree that thing called style, and is always faultlessly set up. Miss Laws has a charming manner, and is an immense favorite.

Mrs. Fayette Smith has achieved enviable fame in the literary world, where she is best known as the writer of some of the most delightful children's stories that are published anywhere. Her "Jolly Good Times" series are known and loved wherever children's books are read. Mrs. Smith is a handsome woman of commanding presence, and as interesting in conversation as in writing. She is one of the leading lights in the Cincinnati Woman's Club, one of the leading women's clubs in America.



MRS. FAYETTE SMITH.

Mrs. Charles Walter Bell is a young matron of striking beauty and the leader of a gay set, whose frequent rendezvous is her pret y home on Bell Place. Here many of the jolliest little affairs of a season are given. Mrs. Bell is always perfectly gowned and is always gracious.

Hers is the resplendent sort of beauty that bears the test of daylight, but she is particularly attractive in evening dress, when the fine coloring of her face and the chiseling of her throat and shoulders show to fine advantage.

Miss Carolyn McLean, who is one of the prettiest of this year's *débutantes*, is a tall, handsome girl with rich Spanish coloring and brilliant dark eyes. She is a girl of much talent and spirit, and is a great favorite. Miss McLean is the daughter of the late Colonel N. H. McLean, who was a distinguished officer of the late war.

JOSEPHINE WOODWARD.

### A Venerable Church.

THE sesquicentennial of venerable Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., will be celebrated on Trinity Sunday, May 31st. Aside from its age, this parish has a history that is full of interest; for among its early members were men who participated in the stirring life of the old colonies and were a part of the band that gained American freedom.

The original charter of the church was granted on February 4th, 1740, when Lewis Morris was Governor of the Province, and this charter is on file in the State House at Trenton. As it was deemed expedient to have alterations made in the parish the charter was suspended, and another one granted on February 10th, 1747. This, however, does not give the true age of the parish; for it was formed and a church was erected as far back as 1743, and was described in a record written that year as a building of "hewn stone 63 feet long, 45 broad and 27 high with a steeple 95 feet high and 20 feet square." The ground was given by "a mutual agreement between the town and church whose committees met and staked out a plot."

The original church was used for more than sixty years, and in the summer of 1776 was taken by the Continental forces, then operating near Newark, and used for a hospital. In the ancient records of the parish it is chronicled that "the building was desecrated, the pews being torn out and a stack of chimnies erected in the center." Then in 1778 the vestry and wardens decided to resume worship. The corner-stone of the present building was laid on May 23d, 1809, and the building consecrated one year later. The original tower, which has stone walls



TRINITY PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

five feet thick, was allowed to stand. It was built in 1743, and is the oldest piece of masonry in Newark. Through its arched doorway passed General George Washington, Robert Morris, General Lord Livingston, Robert Livingston, General Lafayette, and many other men whose imprints on the times have never been effaced.

The first rector was the Rev. Isaac Brown, a missionary, who assumed spiritual charge in 1744. Since then the records show a long list of prominent divines who have officiated within its time-honored and battle-scarred walls—the Revs. Uzal Ogden, Louis P. Bayard, Matthew Henderson, John C. Eccleston, William R. Nicholson, William Wilberforce Newton, and others, down to the present incumbent, the Rev. Louis Shreve Osborne.

Fitting ceremonies will mark this anniversary, and artisans are at work on many magnificent gifts that will be offered by the parishioners. These will include a new pulpit of quartered oak, surmounted by a superstructure of highly polished brass, given by Christopher Richardson, Esq.; a lectern, in the form of an eagle, wrought in antique brass, the gift of Mr. Warren N. Truesdell, and other gifts of minor value.

W. H. HITCHCOCK.

### The Educated Married Woman.

A STRONG prejudice exists in many quarters against the direct earning of money by married women. In several cities they are not allowed to teach in the public schools. Similar discriminations, often wisely, are made in many factories and mercantile establishments. It is properly considered that a married woman's

place, especially if she have children, lies in her home, unless the search for bread forces her abroad. But there is also still, even among intelligent people, a tacit reproach to a husband if he allows his wife to work for money in any department, even if she does her work at home, though it would seem that modern conditions must soon become obvious enough to show even the most conservative that the old theories of the necessary idleness of, and ivy- (poison ivy?) like clinging of the wife to her husband, are no part of the new woman's doctrine, and that, even if she must work to help her husband keep up the common home, she may prefer her own way of doing it. The average education of the woman of to-day is probably fifty per cent. better than that of her grandmother. Where the grandmother's sole means of proving her desire to be a helpmeet to her husband was the churning of his butter and the weaving of his garments, there are now a hundred accomplishments at her granddaughter's finger-ends. The loom, spinning-wheel, and churn have almost disappeared, and they have left a fortunate leisure. Even on our farms modern conveniences have wonderfully conserved the time and strength of women.

Painting and drawing, in all the ramifications of those arts; writing for the magazines and newspapers; embroidery and other fancy-work—all done for pay—occupy a considerable

portion of the time of certain women in every community. Almost any educated woman of small means would rather write an article for a magazine and use the money, even if she made nothing on the transaction, to pay a dressmaker than to do her dressmaking herself. She would rather paint a vase and hire a scrub-woman with the proceeds than to do her own house-cleaning, even when she is amply strong enough for the work.

In the old days it was considered honorable enough, indeed indispensable, that a woman should help her husband by performing hard and menial work in her kitchen. Now that she can do, and prefers to do, a higher kind of labor, and to employ some poorer woman to do the drudgery, is she any less a helpmeet to her husband? In every household of moderate means the mistress must either do a vast deal of routine and mechanical work herself, or she must earn the money to pay some one else for doing it. Her education and her training are worth little to her unless she can do this and do it efficiently. The modern educated woman does it, and usually does it well—and instead of being flouted for it, she should be praised. Her husband is no loser by it, in either estate or happiness. The strength and cheerfulness conserved in the woman by performing a congenial instead of an uncongenial task make her a far more lovable and companionable wife, and if this process is widely practiced the gayety of nations must be materially increased thereby.

The educated married woman of to-day is usually just as faithful to her husband and her home as her grandmother was. She only demonstrates her spirit in a different way—one which is no less honorable either to her husband or to herself.

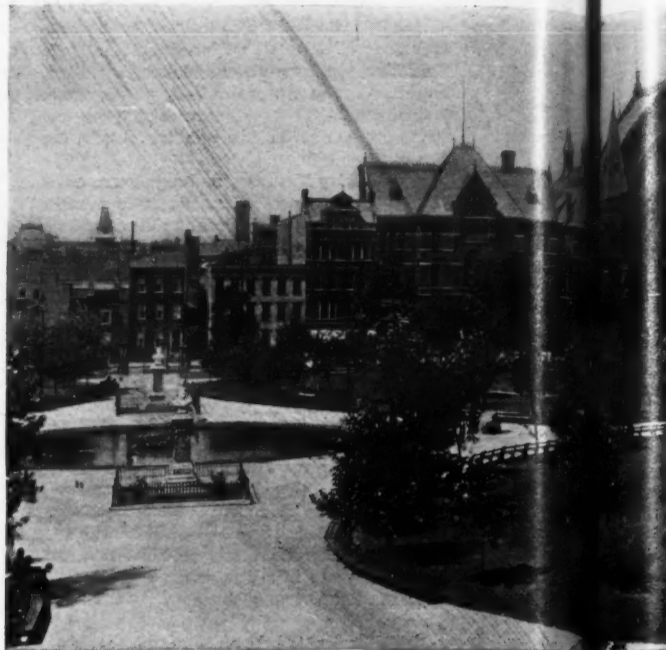
X. Y. Z.



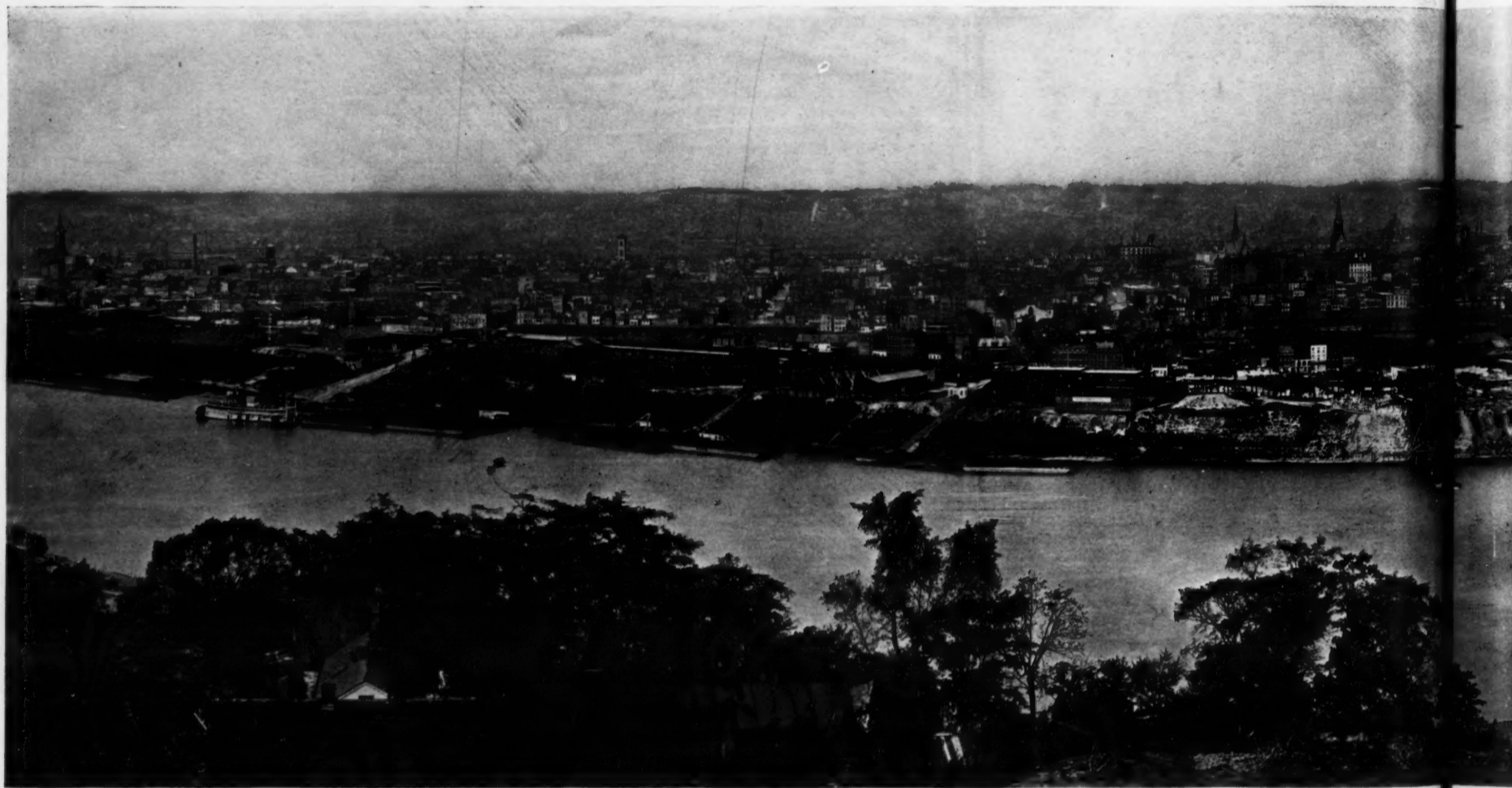
THE CITY BUILDING AND ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



MUSIC HALL AND WASHINGTON PARK.



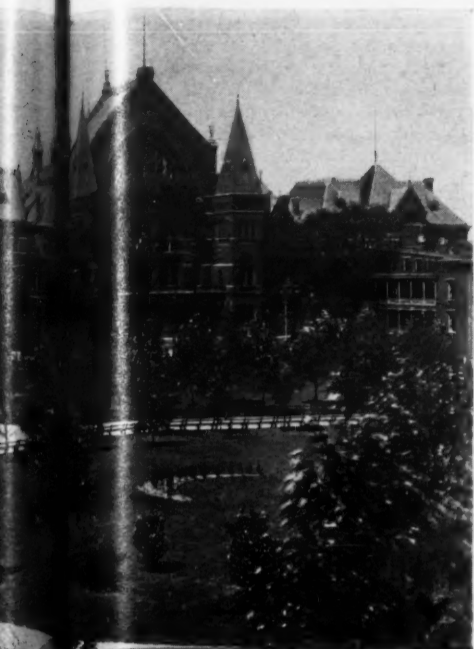
A VIEW OF CINCINNATI LOOKING NORTH.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



THE TYLER-DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN.



WASHINGTON PARK.



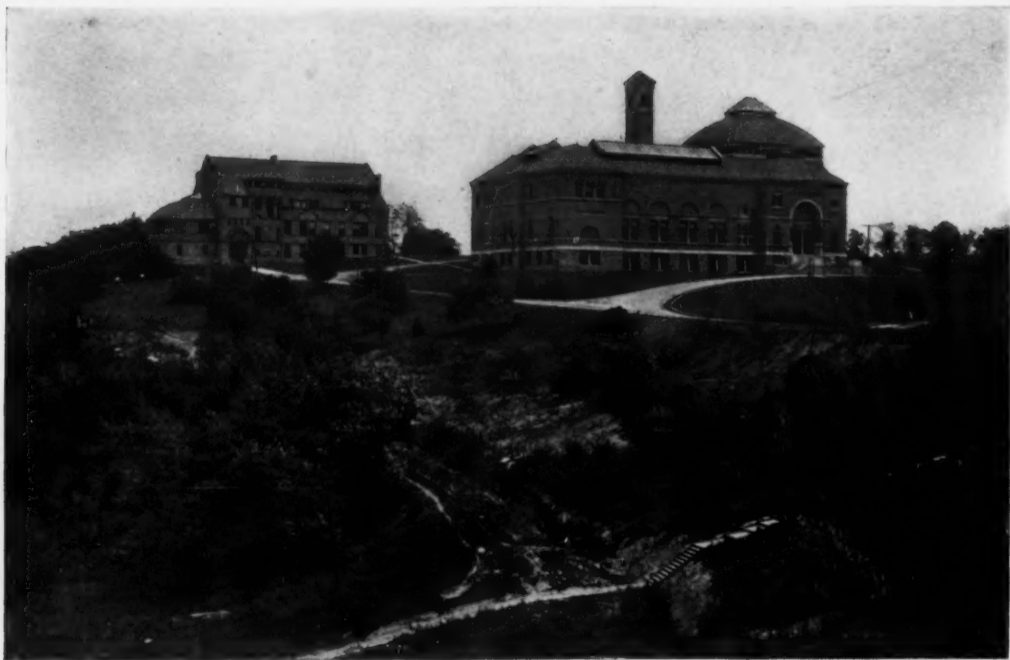
THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



WATER TOWER, EDEN PARK.



CINCINNATI LOOKING NORTHEAST.



THE ART MUSEUM AND ART SCHOOL, EDEN PARK.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

## La Fiesta de Los Angeles.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has revived some of the festivities of its early, romantic days, with added features appropriate to a prosperous land in this *fin de siècle* period. La Fiesta de Los Angeles was inaugurated in April, 1894, under the auspices of an association of merchants, and it caught the fancy of the people who came from all parts of the State to view it.

The next one was a more elaborate and widely advertised affair, which won the admiration of many Eastern people. This year's festival was an improvement upon the preceding ones. It attracted strangers from long distances, and thronged the streets until locomotion was difficult along many of the thoroughfares.

On Tuesday, April 21st, the city officials were deposed by a band of merry maskers, and the coming of her Majesty, *La Reina de la Fiesta de Los Angeles*, was announced. This royal personage visits her capital city for a week each year and commands a cessation of ordinary tasks in honor of the event. She is chosen from the highest social circle, and spares no pains or expense in sustaining her regal office. The young matron who was selected to rule over the *fiesta* of 1896 has been for some years the acknowledged beauty of the city. She is a native of Shreveport, Louisiana, the daughter of Mr. R. H. Howell, a prominent capitalist of Los Angeles, and the wife of Mr. Mark B. Lewis. She has a tall, graceful figure, abundant dark hair, large brown eyes, and classic features. When she appeared before an immense audience on the evening of the 21st, in a coronation robe befitting the sovereign of any country, the verdict was universal that no fairer queen could exist. Her gown was of pink satin brocaded in golden chrysanthemums, with jeweled corsage, a Medici collar of gold lace, and court train of yellow satin bordered with ermine. A brilliant girdle fell nearly to the hem of her dress in



MRS. MARK B. LEWIS, THE QUEEN OF LA FIESTA.

## Frances Saville.

ALL prime-donne are young and charming—in print. Frances Saville is so in reality, at all times and everywhere; but most particularly in her own *eyrie-parlor* at the Savoy, overlooking Central Park, on one of those eager, sunshiny days of early spring-time. She has just returned from rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House. Notwithstanding the fact that she is to sing *Mistress Ford*, the leading soprano rôle in "*Falstaff*," this evening, she chats and laughs with all the animation, the prodigality of voice, of one of Miss Ely's school-girls.



FRANCES SAVILLE.—Photograph by W. J. Root.

"Oh, it was just too droll!" she exclaims. "We were rehearsing the Soldiers' Chorus of '*Faust*' for the testimonial programme. You know, this chorus is to be sung, on this occasion only, by all the leading artists of the company—Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Scalchi, Beeth—yes, and myself—the De Reszks, Plançon, Maurel, Russitano, Ancona, Lubert, Cremonini, and all the rest. When we sang, the regular chorus people stood back in the wings and listened, critically. After we had got through it they applauded us—not any too warmly, but rather dubiously. Were they thinking they could have done it much better themselves? Very likely! And they were right—they could."

(The testimonial performance here referred to

was duly given, and, as we all know, proved a brilliant and highly satisfactory event, netting for Messrs. Abbey and Grau, the popular managers, the substantial sum of twenty thousand dollars.)

Madame Saville is a *brune*, rather petite in figure, looks and dresses like a Frenchwoman, but speaks with an English voice and a London accent—acquired originally in Australia. Her nationality is somewhat paradoxical. She was born in San Francisco—her father being an American citizen of Danish origin, and her mother French—but before she was a year old she was taken by her parents to Australia. There she was reared, and received her first

musical instruction from her mother, who was also an opera singer. She sang her first engagement there, in concert, in conjunction with Sir Charles Hallé and Mr. Santley, and then went to Europe to study—first in London, and subsequently in Paris, under Madame Marchesi. Her operatic début was made in 1892, at the Monnaie in Brussels, as *Juliette*, in Gounod's setting of "*Romeo and Juliet*." It was successful, and the rôle has been one of her favorites ever since. After a tour including St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Berlin, she returned to London to sing in the popular Ballad Concerts and in a few special performances with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. In January, 1893, while singing *Desdemona* with Tamagno in Verdi's "*Otello*," at Monte Carlo, Madame Saville attracted the attention of Monsieur Carvalho, the accomplished director of the Paris Opéra Comique. At that time Carvalho was searching high and low for artists suitable to an "ideal" revival of Massé's idyllic "*Paul et Virginie*," which had not been presented in Paris for something like eight

years. As soon as he heard Saville he said: "*Voilà ma Virginie!*" and engaged her for the part—which, be it understood, it was all-important that the prima-donna should look as well as sing. On account of her prior engagements, which could not be canceled, Carvalho had to wait a whole year before his chosen *Virginie* was at liberty. Finally, in 1894, the revival of the opera took place, with Capoul in his original part of *Paul*. Madame Saville shared first honors in this production, and remained at the Opéra Comique (which also fills the place of the former "*Italiens*" poetized by Owen Meredith) to appear in "*La Traviata*." It was her brilliant performance as *Violetta*, in this poignant opera of Verdi's, that

led to her engagement by Messrs. Abbey and Grau, for America. This rôle may be regarded as the young prima donna's greatest achievement, thus far.

"Do you know, I have never yet heard or seen '*La Traviata*' on the stage," she remarks, plaintively, "except by such fragmentary glimpses as I could catch while performing the leading part myself. But the emotional and dramatic elements in it always appealed to me strongly. One cannot be simply *taught* to sing this, as is possible with some other Italian lyric rôles. A certain feeling, or perhaps temperament, is required."

Madame Saville shows with pardonable pride a portrait and autograph letter from Eugénie Doche, the celebrated French actress, who created, more than half a century ago, the rôle of *Marguerite Gautier* in the original stage version of Dumas' "*La Dame aux Camélias*," or "*Camille*," as the play is called here. This story, as everybody knows, is the basis of Verdi's "*Traviata*." When our fair young prima-donna sang in this opera, Madame Doche, who is now an elderly lady, long since retired from the stage, attended the performance, and on the morrow sent her portrait, with a letter to the following effect:

"PARIS, 14 Oct., '95.

"Dear Madame—I am indebted to you for a charming and unforgettable evening. Accept the sincerest thanks and compliments of *Marguerite Gautier* to *Violetta Saville*. EUGÉNIE DOCHE."

The name of Frances Saville was but little known to the American public and critics, when she made her début as *Violetta*, in New York

front, diamonds encircled her neck, and upon her head rested a golden crown. She was attended by two pages and a prime minister, in white satin costumes, and surrounded by sixteen maids of honor. The society girls who formed her court were dressed alike in white organdie over pink silk, and on the out-door occasions wore large white hats trimmed with nodding clusters of pink blossoms.

The first parade took place on the 22d, and passed in review before the queen's throne and spacious tribunes which had been erected around it. Her Majesty's costume was of heavy white silk, containing dashes of emerald green, with a court train of emerald velvet, and sparkling jewels in addition to the girdle and crown.

The second day was devoted to field sports, with an illuminated parade, "*Lands of the Sun*," in the evening. The 24th was "children's day," and some five thousand prettily costumed pupils of the public schools passed the tribunes in review. The queen's ball occurred at night. The crowning feature of all was "*El Dia de las Flores*,"—the 25th—when one hundred and fifty floats and equipages of all descriptions, horsemen and bicyclists, passed through the streets decorated with the choicest flowers. Prizes had been offered in the various classes and lively competition resulted. Roses, marguerites, callas, sweet pea, geranium, pansies, golden poppies (the State flower)—in fact, everything that blooms was used in countless numbers, one hundred thousand yellow marguerites covering one tally-ho.

The carnival closed with a general masquerading on the streets the night of the 25th. From dusk until midnight babel reigned. Grotesque figures and unrestrained hilarity, with noises of every kind that could be invented, were the order of the evening. In every way the *fiesta* was a success, and the determination is to make this annual institution of the city as famous as the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

last fall. Immediately after that *éclatant* event, the press began to exploit her as an American girl. The San Francisco papers even enlarged upon her girlhood days in that city, giving details which must have seemed in Australia, where she really grew up, suggestive of a double life. As a matter of fact, the young lady's tour this season constitutes her first visit to America since she was three months old. All the same, we must insist upon claiming her as our countrywoman, especially since she is married to an American husband. In private life she is Mrs. Max Rowen.

Madame Saville's metropolitan success was more than confirmed by the enthusiasm she aroused in other cities, particularly Chicago and St. Louis. "The stranger," as they called her there, succeeded in stirring depths that even Melba, Calvé, and Nordica tried in vain to sound. The *Chicago Post*, for instance, remarked toward the end of the operatic engagement in that city: "For the first time during the present season, bravas and bravissimas were heard last night, and it was Saville's rare privilege to call them forth. First honors to Saville."

"Ah, yes," she says, with her *au revoir* on flitting away, "it has been a happy season for me. I have had an easy time of it, too, singing only in my favorite lyric operas, such as '*La Traviata*,' '*Romeo and Juliette*,' '*Faust*,' '*Rigoletto*,' and '*Falstaff*.' And I have been treated so kindly everywhere! Yes, I suppose I shall return, some day. In the meantime, my artistic home is Paris, and my headquarters the Opéra Comique."

HENRY TYRRELL.



A RABBIT-DRIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

Rabbits are so numerous in some parts of California that it is found necessary to exterminate them by wholesale. Bounties are offered which stimulate the work of destruction. The illustration shows the result of a drive.



AS "VIOLETTA" IN "LA TRAVIATA."  
Copyright, 1895, by A. Dupont, New York.



AS "JULIETTE."  
Copyright, 1895, by A. Dupont, New York.



AS "ELSA."



FRANCES SAVILLE.  
Photograph by W. J. Root.

MISS FRANCES SAVILLE IN SOME OF HER LEADING RÔLES.

AN AMERICAN SINGER WHO HAS MADE A SUCCESS IN THE LATE OPERATIC SEASON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 352.]

## England's Pride.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 4th, 1896. — The newest and latest thing in London, the Hotel Cecil, just opened, leads all similar houses in Europe. Its architecture and internal appointments, to say nothing of its naturally happy location on Victoria Embankment, are equal to the Waldorf or any hotel in America. The view from its balcony, fronting the Thames, yields a panorama which the painter has drawn a thousand times, and will continue with new suggestions until the old river runs dry.

Incomparable is the view toward Cleopatra's Needle. The turrets of the Tower Bridge rise against the sky, trifles in contrast to impressive St. Paul's. Nearer, comes London Bridge, with its ceaseless traffic, down to magnificent Waterloo Bridge, and as many more to the right—ten bridges in all at a single sweep of the eye—while Cleopatra's Needle is just below the hotel balcony, glimmering gray, a reminder that time carries many changes in its flight.

Turning from the Thames front to the Strand entrance of this beautiful hotel, we are still within the thread of history. It is only that another series of associations and suggestions crop up; and, ascending to the roof of the hotel, one may see, far away over the British Museum, the green trees of Hampstead Heath, and the Welsh Harp, and the gleam of Surrey Hills to the south.

This colossal house occupies two and a quarter acres, which has been in possession of the Salisbury family ever since it was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on her famous secretary, Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, from whose lineal descendant, the present premier of Great Britain, it was purchased some years ago. This vast structure, although deep below the roadway, rises thirty-five feet above the level of Victoria Embankment, and may remind the traveler of the Baths of Caracalla on the slopes of the Aventine at Rome. Here, then, is a splendid hotel, built upon one of those inclines for which sanitarians pray. It is in fashionable London, in busy London, on the spot close to everything, and still, in all its surroundings it is absolutely self-contained. The roar of the Strand and the life of the river only come with that dull, soothing, far-away sound which is the very music of London, but hard to attune. The site is a complete place within itself. No intersecting streets to bring rattle and tumult—a world of tranquillity of its own. The great embankment entrance leads to the capacious court under arches, with a drive-way for a hun-

dred and fifty carriages screened from wind and weather and the splashing of mud, so destructive to ladies' toilettes, and about which many visitors to the hotels in Northumberland Avenue are constantly complaining.

But this majestic building, containing the very latest improvements and devices, offers new surprises at every turn. The vestibule, with its ceiling of blended colors—gold and green, red and blue—is a complete picture, even to the initiated. Our appreciation increases as we step into the hall and behold marble, beautiful marble, at every turn. The grand staircase, springing from the level of the embankment entrance and running up the centre, has in itself been compared to a palace of splendor and fairy-



THE HOTEL CECIL.

land. Red and green marble are predominant here, and the patterns give the corridor a suggestion of Old-World art. On the one side of the hall is a row of Otis elevators, walnut-fitted and gilded.

On this floor the chief attraction is a great restaurant sixty by eighty feet—matchless and picturesque with every appliance of *la haute cuisine*. Two fire-places, set in white Sicilian marble with red supporting columns, give the hall an air of singular coziness. Bright light streams through a row of windows looking toward Westminster, and another south to the

Thames. A French author has well described a good cuisine as the most efficacious medicine in the world—the best and the promptest in its effect. "To eat," he added, "is simply to avoid dying; but to dine is to live." There is a volume in that word, "to dine," and all who know the reputation of Monsieur Coste, the chef of this hotel, who has led for years the finest restaurants in Paris, will agree that the Cecil was extremely fortunate in securing his eminent services. In addition to this important feature, a special committee of wine experts have stocked the cellars with a very costly supply of wines, including a fine line of American whisky.

One of the most notable features, if not the most fashionable, in London society this summer will doubtless be to dine on the terrace of the Hotel Cecil. Visitors will have to come early to the restaurant to secure tables on this most favorite spot, and they will linger long to view from the terrace or the adjoining drawing-room windows the flicker of London lights and the flash of the moonbeams on the Thames. The drawing-room itself is a fairy scene—pale blue and gold in delicate composition, and much minute work has been expended on ceiling, cornice, frieze, and walls alike. Fluted pilasters adorn the sides of the room, and if you follow this upward with the eye you cannot help appreciating the light and consequent airiness of the room. A very fair attempt has been made here to reproduce in the richest colors and most beautiful materials the details of Emperor Akbar's palace at Fulleypore-Sikri.

Hence the floor on which we stand, high above the trees and foliage in the embankment gardens just in front, is very fittingly named "The Indian floor." It consists of a *table d'hôte* room, a *café-salon*—the largest in Europe—a smoking corridor, with a buffet and bar—an American bar.

To the man who is accustomed to order his champagne, cocktail, or his "gin-fizz" from a row of "bar-keeps," clad in spotless linen, the sight of eight or more fine, buxom, wholesome-looking English girls behind the mahogany would probably be a novel, not to say a pleas-

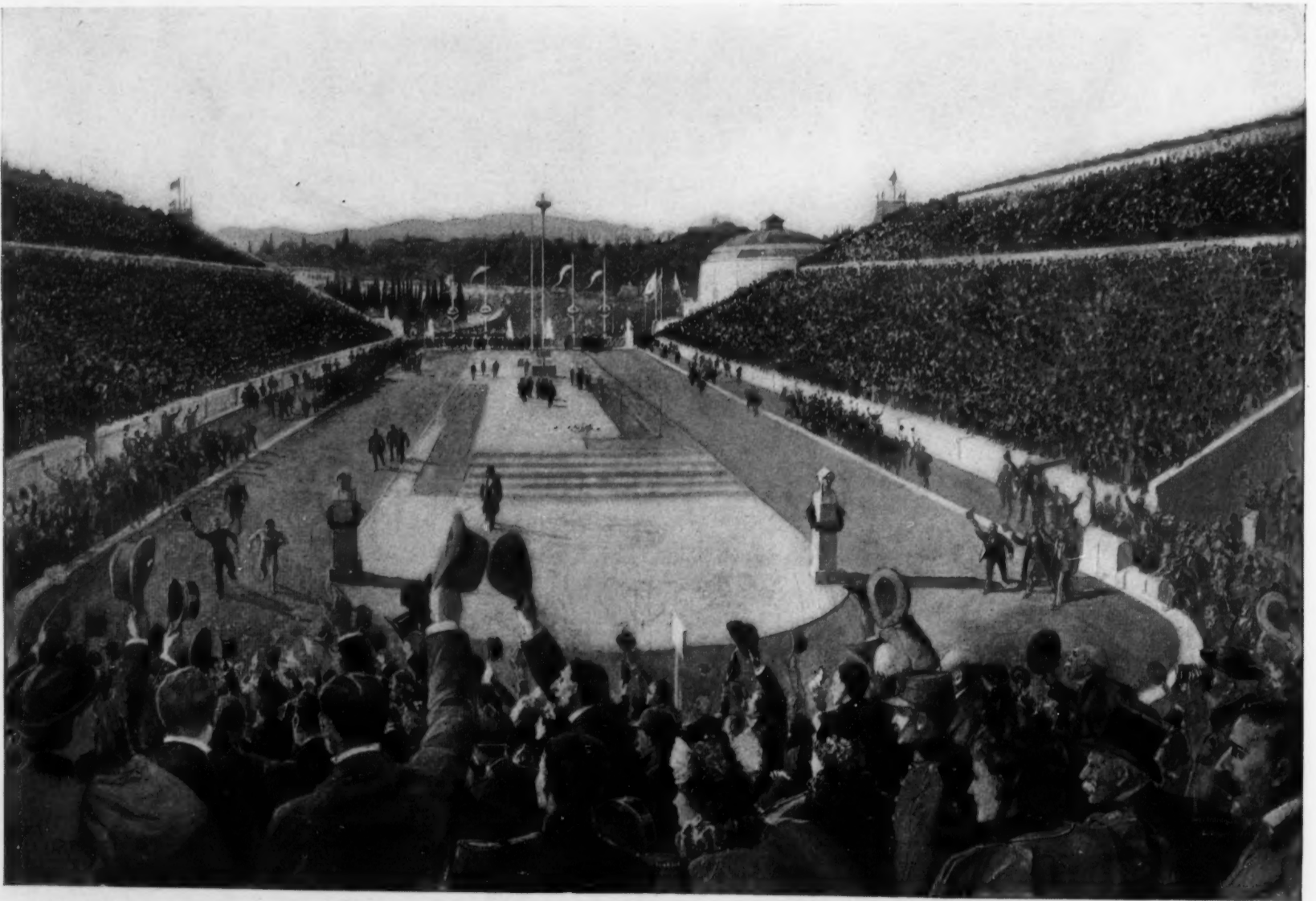
ing and interesting, picture. At any rate, pleasing or displeasing, this is in store for him who visits the Hotel Cecil, and the writer believes that hundreds of visiting Americans will go there just for the purpose of feasting the eye on this array of female talent. These bar-maids are all of them selected for their fine physique, their beautiful hair-dress, and the white collars turned down over their black gowns. They are girls of good repute, attending strictly to their business, and allowing no familiarity or freedom of speech; although a part of their stock in trade is to be possessed of pleasing and taking manners, easy flow of words, a certain knack at wholesome repartee, and other like characteristics which shall command a certain amount of custom.

This bar-room, as well as the incomparable billiard-room—perhaps the only one of its kind in Europe—is patronized by the American colony of this town and many visiting members from Paris.

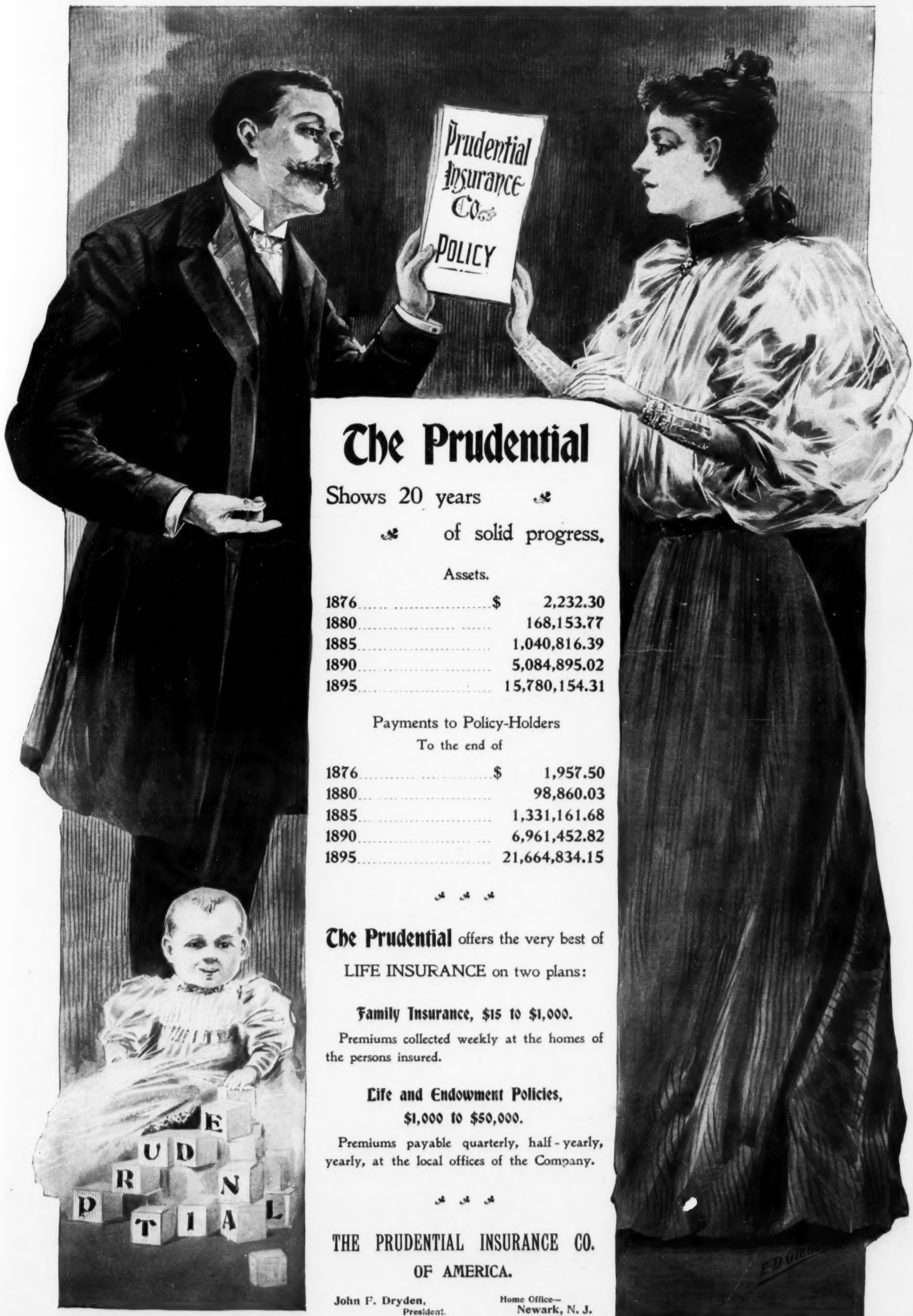
There are more than a thousand rooms in the Hotel Cecil, and no hall-rooms, either. No opportunity has been left unimproved, no labor spared, to bring together into a harmonious working machine all those things which the true comfort of such a community demands. Quietness, fresh air, pervading brightness and cheeriness, these are the dominant characteristics of the bedroom floors. Add to these that a cardinal part of the creation has been the adoption of every precaution against the possibility of fire, and the reader will readily appreciate the magnitude of this enterprise. This hotel has its own laundries and bakery—so at last it will be possible, at least in one hotel, to get fresh bread and hot rolls in London on Sunday morning—and even Turkish baths may be had in the house. There is a telephone in every room which connects with the outside world. A post and telegraph office, with a parcel-office to check baggage on the American system, and ticket-offices for the accommodation of travelers.

As every public house is largely dependent on the prestige of its manager, the Hotel Cecil will doubtless secure the lion's share of foreign trade through the influence of Mr. G. P. Bertini, who has conducted the Grand Hotel in Paris, served with Delmonico in New York, and has held similar positions in the principal hotels of Italy, until of late years he brought unrivaled success to the Criterion. And yet, with all its incomparable improvements, marvelous location, and unexcelled facilities, the rates are not in excess of those charged by its competitors, none of whom can be compared to the Hotel Cecil.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS—THE GREEK PEASANT, SOTIRIOS LOÛES, WINNING THE RACE FROM MARATHON. ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—[SEE PAGE 341]



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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM EXPOSITION AT BUDAPEST.—*L'illustration*.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—CHARGE MADE BY THE CAVALRY SQUADRON OF TREVINO IN THE MAMEY.—*La Ilustracion Española y Americana*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

### Hungary's Millennium.

THE celebration of the national millennium of Hungary, which commenced at Budapest on the 2d instant, is attended by festivities of the most brilliant character, all classes entering into the fêtes with the utmost enthusiasm. The Millennial Exhibition, which will be continued until the close of the celebration at the end of October, was formally opened by the king with impressive ceremonies, and later there were thanksgiving services, processions, illuminations, and gala displays of almost every sort. The programme for the exhibition includes the dedication of monuments to Prince Arpad in the plain where he and the chiefs of the nation made the first constitutional compact, and at six other historic points; the opening of the new law courts, and the opening also of five hundred primary schools; the opening of the Iron Gates Canal, and the dedication of the Francis Joseph Bridge at Budapest. The new Museum of Industrial Arts will be opened on October 11th, and on October 31st the Millennial Exhibition will close. All these events have a more or less national significance, and illustrate the progress which Hungary is making along material lines, as well as the development and strength of the national spirit.

### The Racocky Waters.

(Special Correspondence.)

KISSINGEN SPA, May 15th, 1896.—Although the waters of this place are said to cure every disease, including a sore head and a broken heart, nevertheless your physician will advise a good diet and comfortable quarters as absolutely essential to a cure. Where to find these is often a debatable question, and many travelers fall into the common error that poor and cheap accommodations will do as well. The experienced patient, however, will at once repair to the most reputable house, as the *Hotel de Russie*, for example, and for a reasonable outlay secure light and cheer, comfort, and nourishing food in great variety. It is a patent fact, and to the credit of the municipality of Kissingen, that such a splendid house, replete with all the modern elegance of a metropolitan hotel, should exist here, for the season seldom lasts beyond October. The house itself occupies an entire square, with extensive parlors adjoining. Light and air fill every room, bringing cheer and buoyancy of spirit to the patient, who, as a rule, is far from gay, as few come here to drink for pleasure, albeit this quaint village and the surrounding country are well worthy of a visit at any time. Again, in this particular hotel you will find grand dining-halls arranged to suit large and small parties, with sociable corners for the lone one bachelor. Compulsion is not in Herr Panitz's vocabulary. You can lodge in his hotel, mingle with the élite of Europe in the sumptuous parlors, and dine, if you like, in any of the inferior restaurants about the place, however detrimental it may be to the cure. The service, too, is a feature not to be overlooked in the *Hotel de Russie*. Its waiters are generally well-trained Swiss or South Germans, speaking all continental languages, including English. They are of agreeable presence and engaging

manners, and almost unconsciously encourage your appetite. The manager's mesmeric eye sends these light figures spinning in all directions, and but for the lively repartée of animated guests one would scarcely be aware of their presence. DEWEY.

### An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO.

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Here is a truth you should know. A truth for the weary mind. If you take

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**MALT EXTRACT**  
The Best Tonic

you will drop off to restful slumber the minute your head touches the pillow. It.....

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It quiets the nerves, rounds the form, builds, braces and lifts the body and brain from weakness to power. It gives youthful vigor .....

To win back health take

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The Praises of Sozodont have been sung by the most distinguished artists of America and Europe. One very famous woman says: "I regard SOZODONT as most delightful and indispensable in the care of the teeth—the only dentifrice of international reputation."

If you have never tested those remarkable qualities which have made SOZODONT popular for half a century, a sample of the liquid and a cake of Sozoderma Soap, for the skin, will be sent on receipt of three cents for postage, provided you mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont,

HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York.

## Eclipse Bicycles

THEY STAND THE TEST.



THIS is an exact reproduction of a photograph of Mr. H. J. vom Scheidt, of Buffalo N. Y., with his four boys, as they appear riding an Eclipse Bicycle around Buffalo and its suburbs, frequently going 10 and 15 miles into the country. His unique outfit was a familiar sight in Niagara Falls, where he frequently rode. Mr. vom Scheidt has ridden an Eclipse since 1893. Each year the children got heavier and the wheel lighter. The total weight carried is over 400 pounds. The wheel is a regular stock machine fitted with attachments to carry the children.

**STRONG • LIGHT RUNNING • PERFECT WORKMANSHIP**

Six years' experience, an immense new factory, fitted only with up-to-date machinery and the best materials obtainable at any price, have enabled us to build a wheel that, for accuracy of adjustment, rigidity, speed, ability to "get there," **KEEP AWAY FROM THE REPAIR SHOP**, stands unequalled.

Tandem, Combination Tandem, Ladies' Drop and Rational Men's Road and Racer.

SEND FOR ARTISTIC CATALOGUE.

Eclipse Bicycle Co., Drawer J, Elmira, N. Y.

Branches: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Indianapolis, and Hamilton, Ont.



HIS CHOICE.

FIRST HORSE—"Cables and trolleys all around, and what 'll become of us, Sutherland?"  
SECOND HORSE—"Well, if I had my choice, Lucy, I'd draw an ice-wagon in summer and a fire-engine in winter."

WE respectfully call the attention of our agents and the music-loving public in general to the fact that certain parties are manufacturing and have placed upon the market a cheap piano, bearing a name so similar to our own (with a slight difference in spelling) that the purchaser may be led to believe that he is purchasing a genuine

## SOHMER PIANO.

We deem it our duty to those who have been favorably impressed with the fine quality and high reputation of the "SOHMER PIANO" to warn them against the possibility of an imposition by unscrupulous dealers or agents.



Every genuine "SOHMER PIANO" has the following trade-mark stamped upon the sounding-board.

**SOHMER & CO.,**

Warerooms: 149-155 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.



## "Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoes

Make Riding Easy

They are made in many styles—high or low-cut—Corrugated Soles—Pratt Fasteners secure laces without tying.

PRICE—Black, - - \$3.00  
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Ladies' Covert Cloth  
Knee Boot, - - 6.00

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE



If yours does not keep them, Shoes will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.

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A CONTINUALLY increasing demand for our products during the past 80 years is a substantial proof of their unrivaled excellence.

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are universally accorded the highest reputation.

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**RIDE A Monarch AND KEEP IN FRONT!**



**The Monarch KING OF BICYCLES**

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**MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO., CHICAGO.**

NEW-YORK - SAN FRANCISCO & TORONTO.

**FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY,**

JUDGE BUILDING,  
Cor. Fifth Ave. and 16th St.

ARKELL WEEKLY Co., Proprietors.

New York, April 4, 1894.

Mr. J. HARPER BONNELL,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

On March 17th, 1892, we printed the following:

"Mr. J. Harper Bonnell has furnished all the ink for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for many years, to the entire satisfaction of the publishers, and since the formation of his new company he has excelled himself. The inks made by the J. Harper Bonnell Company are specially adapted for fine engraving and half-tone printing. This week's paper is a sample of the kind of work these inks can do, and give us the utmost satisfaction."

We can repeat same in stronger words, if possible.

Yours very truly,

W. J. ARKELL.



**HARPER & BROTHERS.**

FRANKLIN SQUARE,

New York, April 9, 1894.

J. HARPER BONNELL CO.  
Gentlemen:

In response to your favor of the 7th inst. we have pleasure in saying that we are now using your various inks on our periodicals and miscellaneous books, and that such inks are, in general, highly satisfactory. We can, therefore, unhesitatingly commend their use to the trade generally and to such, in particular, as aim at art work from the printer's standpoint.

Yours very truly,

HARPER & BROTHERS.

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EDWARD B. HARPER, FOUNDER.  
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## The Record of Fifteen Years:

Policies in Force, 106,000.

Gross Assets, \$5,661,708.

Death Claims Paid, \$26,000,000.

Insurance in Force, \$308,659,371.

**"GOOD WORK AT HONEST COST; TRUE ECONOMY AND NOT ITS SHADOW."**

1895 Shows an  
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GROSS ASSETS.  
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that feeling of  
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ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S  
*Malt-Nutrine*  
TRADE MARK.

the food drink. It is simply the pure and palatable nutriment of malt and hops. It is a vitalizer, a flesh builder and a strength giver—an invaluable addition to every family medicine chest. Nothing is so good for nursing mothers and invalids.

Sold by All Druggists.

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When an article has been sold for thirty one years in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1865. Ask your grocer for it. Best of all.

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wineglass of Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

In the present Long Island Sound line travel is any indication of what is to follow, the traffic via that great highway during the coming summer season will exceed anything heretofore known.

The magnificent *Priscilla* and *Puritan* are in commission on the Fall River line for the season, having taken the place of the *Plymouth* and *Pilgrim* a few days ago, and are running to their full capacity. On Monday last the *Puritan* was called upon to accommodate over twelve hundred passengers; this, however, is nothing unusual even at this season of the year; in fact, when the number on board is less than eight or nine hundred it results in surprise to the management of that most popular route between New York and Boston.

Surely the success of the Fall River line is something remarkable.

If the signature of C. W. Abbott & Co is not on every bottle it's not genuine, original Angostura Bitters. All Druggists.

#### EVERY MAN SHOULD READ THIS.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 625, Marshall, Michigan.

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The American Gentleman's WHISKEY.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

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First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

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give the rider confidence



THEY are the only tires you are sure of getting home on if punctured. Air will not escape for hours. Palmer Tires are the easiest riding, quickest repaired and fastest Tires. They mark the high-grade wheel. They are expensive. Send for catalogue. PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO., CHICAGO.



THESE ARE NOT PATENT LEATHER BUT SIMPLY POLISHED WITH BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

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The only scientific cure for the Tobacco habit.

Cures when all other remedies fail. (Write for proofs.)

Does not depend on the will power of the user. It is the Cure. Vegetable and harmless.

Directions are clear: "Use all the Tobacco you want until Baco-Curo notifies you to stop."

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Does the Curing. Its Competitors do the Blowing.

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The U. S. Courts have just decided that

**BACO-CURO**

is what it Pretends to be

A CURE.

WHICH DO YOU WANT?

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Gold-Seal

Champagne

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Dimities, Cretonnes, Chintz.

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Fancy Drapery Silks, Tapestry Curtains, Panels, Portières.

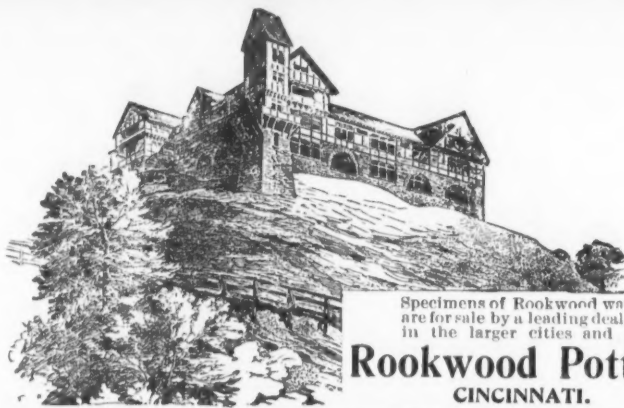
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Specimens of Rookwood ware are for sale by a leading dealer in the larger cities and at

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THE HALF-HOSE THAT ARE STAMPED

*Shawknit* ON THE TOE

Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well.

They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with

THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT.

Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a Descriptive Price-List to any applicant.

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It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

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THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

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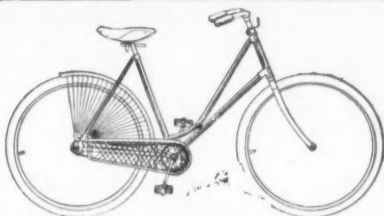
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CAUTION.—See that the  
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**The Perfection of  
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Send 5c. for sample package.  
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A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST  
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\$3.50 is little

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If you want a real Violet

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It is not a combination of

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Cut this advertisement

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**Erie Bicycles**  
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**A SPECIALTY** Primary, Sec-  
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A laxative, refreshing  
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very agreeable to take, for  
Constipation,  
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Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Officer of New York City: "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA  
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This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, \$5.00 f.o.b.  
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Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.  
**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.**  
On the Atlantic and Danville Railroad.

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BICYCLES



The American Beauties

For 1896....

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive  
Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure  
to be if you ride a

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Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland,  
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Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.

The many imitations of  
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point to its excellence—the  
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Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.  
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**Pocket Presto Camera**

50 Film or  
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Exposures  
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Size 1 1/4 x 1 1/4. Snap-shot or time exposures. A real  
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So Simple a Child can Operate It.

Price, complete, with film and glass plate  
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Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.  
per month without injury to health.  
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars  
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**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**  
Simply stopping the fat producing  
effects of food. The supply being stopped,  
the natural working of the system draws  
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Sold by all Druggists.



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**OPIUM** Morphine must be cured in 10  
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Send for Catalogue No. 45



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

CLARA—"How was the play?"  
TOM—"It was dreadfully improper. I felt ashamed of myself for being there."  
CLARA—"I am so glad you told me. I had made up my mind not to go."



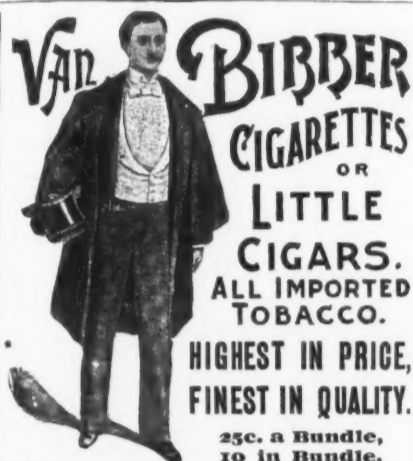
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Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."  
That's the old way of making soup.  
Put your meat and soup bones in the  
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**Armour's**

Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add  
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a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef  
Soup. No trouble or mystery about it.  
Anyone can do it.

Armour & Co., Chicago.



Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.



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Opposite Cleopatra's Needle.  
700 BEDROOMS, BRIGHT AND AIRY.  
10 Grand Salons, 7 Otis Elevators.  
Finest Cuisine in London.  
NOW OPEN.

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EMMA CALVÉ.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.  
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.



**Flying Along**

You'll never know all the delightful spring and action of the perfect bicycle tire unless your wheel is fitted with

**Hartford Tires**  
SINGLE TUBE

THE STANDARD SINGLE-TUBES

Easy to have Hartford Tires on any bicycle. All you need do is insist, and the bicycle dealer will furnish them.

The Original Single-Tubes.  
Cost Most. Worth Most.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.  
HARTFORD, CONN.  
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

**WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.**  
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

**Breakfast Cocoa**



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
Made at  
DORCHESTER, MASS.  
It bears their Trade Mark  
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.  
Beware of Imitations.

**Columbia Bicycles**

**Facts**

Popularity does not come without cause. Nothing but the standard quality that is invariably maintained in Columbia Bicycles could secure such indorsement as comes unsought to Columbias. ❀ ❀

**\$100 TO ALL ALIKE**

**EVERYBODY'S CHOICE**

When The New York Journal offered the choice of the ten leading makes of bicycles recently to the ten winners of a guessing contest, every one of the ten selected Columbias. And The Journal bought ten Columbias at \$100 each.

**TIFFANY'S CHOICE**

When Tiffany & Co., the famous jewelers, desired to make an experiment with elaborate decoration of bicycles, they of course first selected a Columbia—and paid \$100 for it. They have decorated other bicycles since, but Columbia was first choice.

When the United States Government recently asked for proposals for furnishing five bicycles, it received bids from other makers of from \$50 to \$85 and our bid of \$100 each for Columbias, their invariable price. And the experts selected Columbias, as in their opinion Columbias were worth every dollar of the price asked.

If you are able to pay \$100 for a Bicycle, will you be content with any but a Columbia?

POPE MFG. CO., Makers, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.



Embossed Golds 7c. up. Good Gilt 5c. and up. 8 yard white backs, 3 cents. Describe rooms you wish to paper and colors desired and we will send post-paid 100 samples of choice styles with our booklet "Points on Papering." **Free**  
**AGENTS WANTED.**  
We want one energetic person in each town, who can furnish good references, to solicit orders from our large sample books on commission. Full agents' outfit, \$1.00.  
430 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.



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"Silver Plate That Wears."

Especially suitable for gifts, as the quality is so well known. Made in a great variety of articles and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn.  
203 Fifth Ave., New York City.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Trade-mark on spoons, knives, forks, etc.



Trade-mark on other articles.

**EARL & WILSON'S.**  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



feel that they are in a distinctive class. The seal of '17 years' experience and approval' goes with each one of them. Beautiful book of Rambler's free at any Rambler agency in the U. S. : : : :  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit, Coventry, England.

# YES,

Other railroads *have* made as high as a mile a minute, for *short spurts*, with light *Special* trains, but the New York Central's Empire State Express, a *Regular* train weighing 525,000 pounds, has been running *every business day* for over four years and a half. The speed of this train now averages 53 $\frac{1}{3}$  miles an hour, including four stops and twenty-eight slow-downs, for the entire distance between New York and Buffalo—440 miles.

Over certain portions of the line the time of the Empire State Express considerably *exceeds* a mile a minute. Here are a few examples of its daily performances:



Yonkers to Tarrytown, 10 miles, 10 minutes—60 miles per hour.  
Garrison to Poughkeepsie, 23.62 miles, 23 minutes—61.62 miles per hour.  
Hudson to Castleton, 19.84 miles, 19 minutes—62.65 miles per hour.  
Amsterdam to Palatine Bridge, 22 miles, 22 minutes—60 miles per hour.  
St. Johnsville to Herkimer, 17 miles, 17 minutes—60 miles per hour.  
Rome to Oneida, 12.68 miles, 12 minutes—63.40 miles per hour.  
Canastota to DeWitt, 16 miles, 16 minutes—60 miles per hour.  
Jordan to Brighton, 60 miles, 60 minutes—60 miles per hour.  
West Batavia to Crittenden, 9.73 miles, 9 minutes—64.86 miles per hour.

The level, straight line of the New York Central, its solid road-bed, four tracks and block signals, in connection with the highest type of motive power, combine to develop the highest speed with safety and comfort.

## Twelfth Biennial



Music Hall, May 19 to 23, 1896.

Five evening Concerts and two Matinées

Theodore Thomas,

Musical Director.

SOLOISTS:

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA,	MR. BEN DAVIES,
MISS MARIE BREMA,	MR. GEORGE W. HAMLIN,
MRS. CORINNE MOORE-LAWSON,	MR. WATKIN MILLS,
MME. MEDORA HENSON,	MR. PLUNKET GREENE,
AND	AND
MME. KATHERINA LOUISE-KLAFSKY.	MR. FRANKCON DAVIES,

May Festival Chorus==500 Voices.

Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

Features of the programmes will be Handel's "Judas Macabæus," Tinel's "St. Francis," Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," Goring Thomas's "The Swan and the Skylark," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, selections from Wagner, Arias, Recitatives, and Songs by the soloists, and Symphonies, Overtures, Dance music, etc., by the Orchestra.

Season Tickets Seven Concerts with Reserved Seat, \$12.00

Single Admission With Reserved Seat, \$ 2.00

Tickets may be secured and all information obtained by addressing THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Marvelous as has been the progress in photography, from the old-fashioned daguerreotype of a generation ago to the wonderful cathode rays of to-day, it is no more pronounced than the advance made during the same period in the products of Bakers. From the crude, imperfect machinery and poorly lighted and ventilated baking establishments of former days to the superbly equipped Langdon Bakery, is a transition that seems almost incredible. So marked has been the progress in the baking business, as illustrated by the achievements of the Langdon Bakery, that the most powerful X rays would fail to disclose any faults or deficiencies in its methods or products. Rigid scrutiny and investigation on the part of those interested in pure food products are always invited. Skilled workmen, absolute cleanliness, and latest improved machinery are the leading features of this establishment. The illustration correctly represents the Langdon Bakery, with its lately finished addition, giving it double its former capacity. The mixing and baking rooms have light and air on four sides. The ventilation, sanitation, heating, fire protection and facilities for handling the immense out-put are perfect. The products of the Bakery—and it is a surprise to the uninformed to know how varied they are—need no commendation wherever known. If your grocer does not handle them, send us a postal-card and we will give you the address of the nearest one who does.

## LANGDON BAKERY,

Retail Dep't, 429 Race St.,  
323 to 407 Lock St.

U. S. BAKING CO., CINCINNATI.



## Wedding Gifts and Engagement Souvenirs.

The times called for a change and we dispensed with our Wholesale Department. We are now devoting our entire energies to maintaining the handsomest and largest retail store, of its kind, in the West.

No grander display of artistic wares have ever been made in the entire West than may now be viewed in our elegant storerooms. Included in this display, in addition to the richest and most recent productions in solid gold and silverware, are choice precious stones, odd and quaint conceits in jewelry, rare articles in porcelain and ivory, striking specimens from the most famous potteries of the world, renowned makes of watches and clocks, bric-a-brac and articles without end that cannot be duplicated, suitable for engagement souvenirs and wedding presents, the whole forming a collection that pleases the connoisseur and appeals to the most refined tastes. Prices have never been so low as now. Visitors to the city are accorded a cordial welcome, even though they may not desire to purchase.

1846.

It is well to consider the worth of the guarantee of a firm that has a record for honorable dealing for over fifty years. Such guarantee is pleasing to the recipient of a gift, as well as satisfying to purchasers.

1896.

## The Duhme Company,

Gold and Silversmiths,

Fourth and Walnut Streets.

Cincinnati, Ohio

We are prepared to make suggestions to out-of-town patrons, and send selections of articles on approval.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

CLARA—"How was the play?"  
TOM—"It was dreadfully improper. I felt ashamed of myself for being there."  
CLARA—"I am so glad you told me. I had made up my mind not to go."

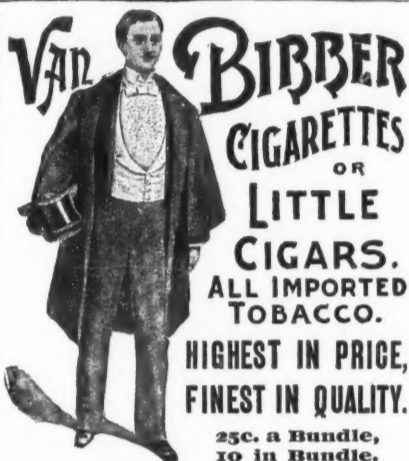


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Embossed Golds 7c. up. Good Gilt 5c.  
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Describe rooms you wish to paper and  
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**Free**  
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We want one energetic person in each town,  
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"1847  
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Trade-mark  
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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
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"Yes indeed, everybody does ride, but owners of  
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feel that they are in a distinctive class. The seal of  
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